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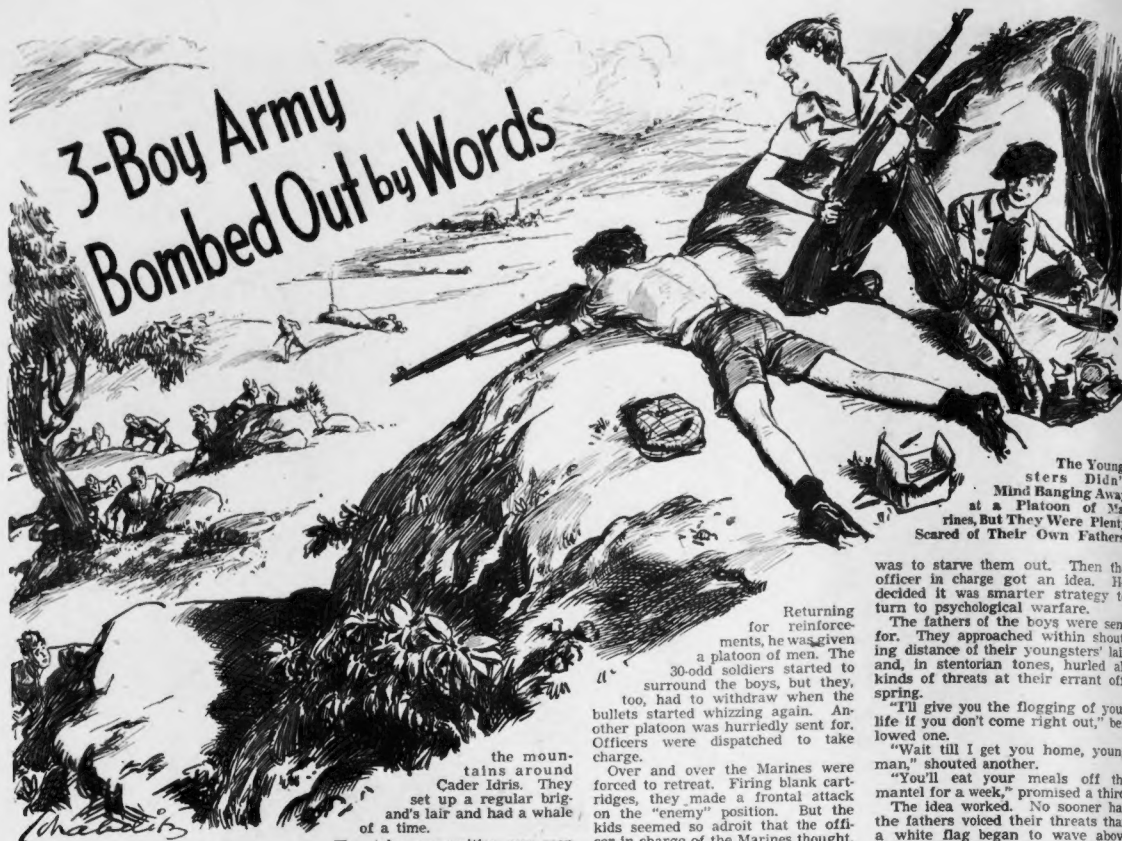
Week of June 11, 1944

Highlights to Charm

By David Wright
Distinguished British Artist

The Fan





3-Boy Army Bombed Out by Words

The Youngsters Didn't Mind Banging Away at a Platoon of Marines, But They Were Plenty Scared of Their Own Fathers.

Returning for reinforcements, he was given a platoon of men. The 30-odd soldiers started to surround the boys, but they, too, had to withdraw when the bullets started whizzing again. Another platoon was hurriedly sent for. Officers were dispatched to take charge.

Over and over the Marines were forced to retreat. Firing blank cartridges, they made a frontal attack on the "enemy" position. But the kids seemed so adroit that the officers in charge of the Marines thought, for a while, that the lads had an "expert" with them. The soldiers tried everything, including a surprise 3 a.m. attack, but there was no dislodging the kid army.

For three days the boys held their position, and it began to appear that the only way to force their surrender

was to starve them out. Then the officer in charge got an idea. He decided it was smarter strategy to turn to psychological warfare.

The fathers of the boys were sent for. They approached within shouting distance of their youngsters' lair and, in stentorian tones, hurled all kinds of threats at their errant offspring.

"I'll give you the flogging of your life if you don't come right out," belted one.

"Wait till I get you home, young man," shouted another.

"You'll eat your meals off the mantel for a week," promised a third.

The idea worked. No sooner had the fathers voiced their threats than a white flag began to wave above the hastily-constructed breastworks. In a few minutes, the boys came stumbling out, hands in the air. The threat of parental punishment had accomplished in three minutes what the Marines had failed to do in three days.

With the "war" over, and a good part of the ammunition recovered, military officials decided to leave all disciplining of the trio up to their parents. The kids got the tanning of their lives and have lost all desire to do any more shooting for a long time to come.

This punishment, however, didn't keep the neighborhood kids from hailing the culprits as "the heroes of the mountain."

the mountains around Cader Idris. They set up a regular brig-and's lair and had a whale of a time.

The stolen ammunition was soon missed and a Marine was detailed to find it. Reports circulated around the district that gunfire had been heard in the mountains so he headed that way. Spotting the kids' camp, the man started toward it—but beat a hasty retreat when bullets began whistling around his head.

THREE Welsh kids—still wearing short pants—started a war of their own the other day that was nothing short of fantastic. By the time it was over the trio, who had armed themselves with rifles, had made two platoons of British Marines the laughing stock of all England.

Outmaneuvering the seasoned veterans, the youngsters held a mountain for three days and defied all efforts to oust them from their "fort." When they finally surrendered, it was because they wanted to quit—not because they had been outlought.

It all began when the boys—the youngest was 12 and the oldest 14—swiped three rifles and 400 rounds of ammunition from a Marine supply dump near Barmouth, Wales. The kids, intent on hunting, headed for

A Cemetery with Two Saloons

THE last place in the world where anyone apparently would want to take a drink is among the eerie tombstones of a graveyard, and yet, oddly enough, there is a gigantic cemetery in England that boasts two saloons plunked right down amid the granite monuments.

These bars, located about a half mile apart, are in the middle of the 1,200-acre Brookwood Cemetery. Both pubs are the "stations" which flank the private railway that runs through the big graveyard.

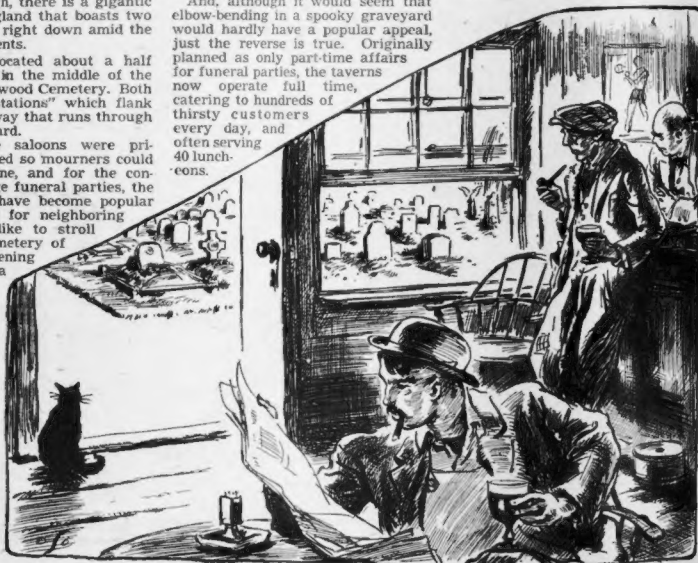
Although the saloons were primarily established so mourners could have a quick one, and for the convenience of large funeral parties, the establishments have become popular gathering spots for neighboring villagers who like to stroll through the cemetery of a summer evening and pop in for a

drink at one or both of the pubs.

"Let's go have some spirits with the spirits," is the favorite gag-invitation of the near-by residents.

And, although it would seem that elbow-bending in a spooky graveyard would hardly have a popular appeal, just the reverse is true. Originally planned as only part-time affairs for funeral parties, the taverns now operate full time, catering to hundreds of thirsty customers every day, and often serving 40 lunches.

Visitors to the Little Town of Brookwood, England, Are Always Surprised When They Discover a Couple of "Pubs" Right in the Community's Cemetery.



The Zoot Suit Hits Paris

THEY don't call 'em zooters in what's left of the French capital, they label them "zazous"—and the Nazi overlords of what used to be the gayest city in the world are grabbing these overdressed dandies and putting them to work.

During the past few months several hundred of these European imitators of American zoot suiters have been rounded up at bars and cafes where they have annoyed the strictly rationed Frenchmen and angered the worried and humorless soldiers of the Reich.

The slick-haired lads in the long coats and the flat hats might have lasted a little longer if they hadn't made the mistake of humming and whistling tunes that come over the air from American and British radio stations.

This was an error that got them mugged up and took them out of their favorite hangouts into trains bound for German prison camps.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS
TRUE STORY
of what
the Proved
14-Day
Palmolive Plan
did for

Mrs. Alfred Bowman
of Glendale,
Calif.



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Los Angeles skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive lather . . . as you would a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!"



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was smoother, brighter, less oily! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE
BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin • Finer texture • Better tone
- Fewer blemishes • Less dryness • Less oiliness
- Smoother skin • Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



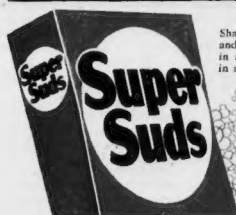
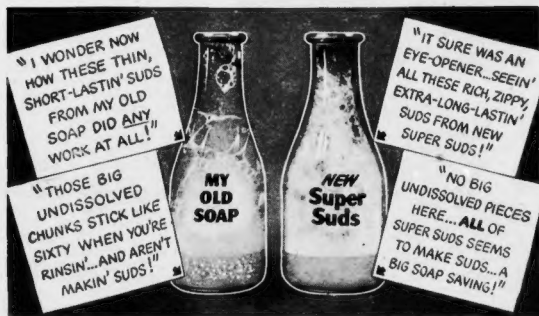
DOCTORS
PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY
RESULTS!

"Here are the two reasons I wouldn't be without Super Suds'

EXTRA SUDS!"

"The dirtiest play clothes are really a cinch to wash in SO MUCH MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS," says Mrs. Frances McMahon

"WHAT with Marilyn and little Arthur messin' 'round with paints and things, I sure need Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS! I never knew anybody with youngsters who didn't have a big wash. And the bigger the wash, the bigger the difference it makes to have SO MUCH MORE, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS—the kind you get from Super Suds. Those hard-workin' suds soak out so much of the dirt I used to have to rub out. Yes, it sure saves my back and lots of time . . . havin' extra-sudsy Super Suds to wash with!"



MAKE THE "MILK-BOTTLE SUDS TEST"

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another milk-bottle. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.

FLOODS O' SUDS
FOR DISHES AND DUDS



★ DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap

Nobody Home in the Castle; So Spooks Haunt Each Other



Famous and Now Deserted Berkeley Castle, Haunt of the Most Aristocratic and at the Same Time the Unhappiest Spooks in All England.

LONDON.

NOW that the Earl of Berkeley, last of an illustrious line, has died without kinsmen, Englishmen are speculating on the fate of Berkeley Castle, the ancient Gloucestershire stronghold on which he lavished many millions.

But what of the ghosts that, as all students of ghostly lore know, have haunted the castle for centuries? Shall they continue to do their legendary bit by haunting each other?

Take, for example, the ghost of King Edward II, whose shrieks once echoed from the dungeon where he was slain in 1327.

This unpopular monarch, detested by his consort, Queen Isabella, was sent to Berkeley Castle to meditate on his royal shortcomings.

Ruffians evolved a scheme to induce him to commit suicide. They piled dead animals under his window and left the rest to nature. But Edward declined to kill himself.

Other less subtle torture followed and so agonized was Edward's cries, says tradition, that they kept everybody awake for weeks. And at times they still echo through the castle, according to present day reports.

Undoubtedly the most spectacular apparition is that of Lord Lisle, whose spook has the advantage of being vouched for as authentic by both the Countess of Berkeley and her late husband.

Legend recounts the appearance of this redoubtable wraith who had lost his life in a duel over ownership of the castle. His coming was heralded by loud calls: "Varlets, lift the portcullis! Lower the drawbridge! Throw wide the postern gate."

Then followed the clash of battle-axe on armor, as down the great stairway came the armored knight, bearing before him a silver salver on which reposed his own head.

Old annals assert that the nobleman's audience included the spirits of nuns who had been ousted from the abbey that once stood proudly on the site of Berkeley Castle.



Queen Isabella, Who Was Suspected of Having a Hand in the Murder of Her Husband.



Edward II's Tortured Shrieks, They Say, Are Still Heard in the Dungeon of the Berkeley phantoms.

They had a reason for their presence. They were seeking Earl Harold Godwin, the favorite of the Plantagenet Henry II, who ousted them.

The noble had hinted to the King he'd like the site for a castle. He induced a handsome knight to beg for sanctuary. Though the nuns admitted him reluctantly, he proved so enterprising that they could not bear to let him leave their refuge.

The King then made false accusations, the innocent nuns lost their abbey and the Earl moved in. Later on, the ghosts of nuns began to haunt him.

A somnolent caretaker was responsible for the most detested of the Berkeley phantoms. A witch got past the watchman and made herself at home in the stronghold. At last, when Father Time laid a warning hand on her she began, with much trepidation, to plan for the hereafter.



Lord Lisle's Ghost Used to Astonish Guests by Carrying His Head on a Platter; Now He's Reduced to Terrifying His Fellow Wraiths.

ing but an otter and had it thrown into the Severn, but the creak always remained.

From the days when Robert Fitz-Hardinge built the castle with walls eight feet thick and 52 feet high, to the present, the great keep has witnessed many a bloody fray and secret intrigue. Lord William Berkeley made a present of it to Henry VII in return for the title of Marquis, but the old owners got it back during the reign of Edward VI.

The late Earl, after winning a battle for the succession in 1891, came in 1916 into possession of Berkeley Castle and princely Mayfair holdings in London, including the celebrated Berkeley Square. Some of these he sold for \$25,000,000. Thereby, Berkeley Castle, under his active supervision, took on a new lease of life.

But though the Earl loved the place he spent little time there. He had married, late in life, an American widow, a great-niece of the poet, James Russell Lowell, once American ambassador to this country.

Now that Lady Berkeley is working in an American Red Cross Club in London, the castle ghosts can no doubt be depended on to do their own haunting. Since there are no male heirs to the Earl of Berkeley, the estate probably will go eventually to the National Trust, a foundation created to preserve places of historic interest in Britain.

She summoned her children and repented loud and long of her evil ways. She directed that her body be "sewn in a stag's skin and placed in a stone sarcophagus, the cover to be fastened with lead and iron and the whole bound about by three iron chains of great weight." She was then to be buried.

But as this last rite was being performed, the devil, laughing loudly, appeared, leading a black horse. A despairing wail issued from inside the coffin. "I have repented. You can't have me."

"Too late," roared his Satanic Majesty. "Ride, and forever you must do my works."

Whereupon the chronicler relates that the witch burst out of the sarcophagus, mounted the charger, and rode through the roof.

So, on dark nights she galloped her ghostly steed among the tree tops and not infrequently in the big hall when Lord Lisle was doing his headless stunt.

A malevolent witness of these hauntings was the famous "Berkeley Toad," whose stuffed form adorned the wall of the great hall. The late Earl recognized this monster as nothing

Frenchy DuPont, the Middle-Aged Reno Barber, Has Ringed 11 Brides in 20 Years, and Set Up What Perhaps Is an All-Time Record for Marriages and Divorces.



Mary Walsler Beard, Wealthy Chicago Socialite, Went to Nevada to Shed a Beard, Then Married the Town's Most Famous Hair-Cutter.

FRENCHY THE BARBER, of Reno, has just been married again—to his eleventh wife. And this time she's a socialite heiress, the former Mary Walsler Beard, recently divorced from Francis (Tony) Beard, former gridiron star.

Even in Reno, where much-married-and-divorced people are legion, Frenchy the Barber is something of a romantic phenomenon.

For one thing, barbering is precisely what Frenchy—whose real name is Arthur A. DuPont—does for a living.

Now, barbering is one of the old, useful, and respectable professions, but it's never been classed with the glamorous ones.

Besides, living in Reno, Frenchy has had to compete with dude ranch cowboys, and other rugged, he-man, outdoor types, not to mention visiting movie actors and millionaires—and that's competition to appeal most of the home-town talent.

Further, Frenchy is neither young nor handsome. Nor has he an influential patron, like that other famed tonsorialist, Oliver the Barber who used to act as a love-scout for the amorous King Louis XI of France.

Nonetheless, in a mere matter of 13 years, Frenchy has established what may be an all-time record for marriages and divorces.

His first marriage, in 1924, was to Alice Brady (not the one of screen and stage fame). Perhaps, if she had lived, Frenchy never would have turned into an habitual Romeo. But, after seven years of married life Alice died.

Soon, Frenchy plunged upon his headlong matrimonial career.

His subsequent wives, in the order of their taking and putting away, follow:

- No. 2—Vera Miller, divorced.
- No. 3—Billie Curnow, common law marriage, no divorce necessary.
- No. 4—Ruth Krauth, divorced.
- No. 5—La Vonne Baker, divorced.
- No. 6—Eileen Luloff, divorced.
- No. 7—Verna Baier, divorced.
- No. 8—Lillian Hunter, annulled.
- No. 9—Carol Carrithers, divorced.
- No. 10—Doris Beatrice Silvers, divorced.
- No. 11—Mary Walsler Beard—(?)

June 11, 1934



Brides a Habit Like Shaving To the Reno Barber

The one annulment came about, as Frenchy tells it, because he had tarried too long in a cocktail lounge with Lillian before the ceremony. Three days later, he says, he realized that there had been a mistake. So, after due deliberation and proper legal formalities, he got an annulment—and that cleared Frenchy's path.

Frenchy met his newest wife where he had met most of the others—in one of the gay night spots where incipient divorcees while away the dull evenings during the six weeks required to establish a Reno residence.

As a daughter of the Joseph Walsers, of Chicago, and a granddaughter of Jacob Walsler, printing press magnate, Mary Walsler Beard had been reared in luxury.

Mr. Beard was her third husband, his predecessors having been Arthur H. Smith, of New York, and Darryl W. Herron, of Dallas, Texas.

Report has it that Frenchy won her interest with a swift riposte of which any barber would have been proud. Said he, on being introduced:

"So you're in Reno to get rid of a beard? Well, I'm the man to help you."

As it turned out, though, he really helped Mr. Beard. For his headlong romance with Mary became so public that her husband got wind of it. The former football hero traced Frenchy and Mrs. Beard to a roadhouse rendezvous, and burst in upon them.

The result was that, instead of Mrs. Beard divorcing her husband—as she had intended when she arrived in Reno—he divorced HER.

However, Frenchy the Barber was not the man to leave a lady in the



Frenchy's Former Barber Shop on Reno's "Skid Row," and Right—Arthur A. (Frenchy) DuPont, Himself.



lurch. While Mrs. Beard was listening unhappily to the testimony of the raiding crew, Frenchy was filing suit in an adjacent court against his tenth wife, formerly Doris Beatrice Silvers.

Doris was agreeable, and Frenchy didn't have to worry about any six-weeks residence wait. So, by the time Mrs. Beard was divorced, Frenchy was divorced, too. And one hour later—just like that—they were married.

Frenchy is not seen much these days around "Skid Row," as Renoites call the rough-and-ready section of town where his shop is located. His changed status is indicated by a Reno society item which appeared recently stating that "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur DuPont are modernizing a spacious old country home near Reno."

Some of the rival Reno Casanovas who obligingly act as escorts to visiting divorcees have been enviously trying to fathom Frenchy's charm.

Superficially, at least, it's hard to locate. Past 40, and inclined to be moon-faced, the much-married barber would never be picked as a candidate for glamorous screen roles.

Nor does a study of his background reveal any clue. Despite his nickname, he was born in Connecticut, and doesn't even have one of those intriguing accents that sometimes seem to make American heiresses become enamored of otherwise undistinguished foreigners.

He is not even one of those barbers who specializes in feminine coiffures, and who thus have a special opportunity to whisper sweet nothings to charming customers.

On the contrary, Frenchy's customers have been chiefly lumberjacks, miners and ranch hands, who often offer a tonsorial problem because of the pine cones and cockle-burrs in their hair.

Whatever may be his appeal to femininity, though, it apparently meets the approval of widely diverse types. For his wives have included a dancer, two singers, a strip-tease artist, a bookkeeper, and, now, an heiress.

Of course, barbers have always been noted for their readiness, not to say, profligacy, of speech. Frenchy has talents along this line, as witness his bit of repartee on being introduced to his latest wife.

Anyway, Mrs. DuPont appears entirely satisfied with the change she has made in husbands, and Frenchy, his friends say, has actually shown signs of settling down to being a permanent husband.

After all, it wouldn't be surprising. Eleven wives in thirteen years is a lot of wives, even for a Reno Casanova.

Hey, Shorty,



Gulliver, Captive of the Lilliputians—Andre Devambez's Famous Painting That Dramatically Satirizes the "Herd Spirit" Which, Since the Dawn of Time, Has Prompted Many Small, Weak Men to Band Together as a Means of Mutual Protection Against Taller Ones.

By EDWARD S. SULLIVAN

HE WAS just a little shrimp, about knee-high to a grasshopper. One day he met the most gorgeous girl. She had everything—looks, brains, personality, and a papa with a barrel of dough. There was just one trouble. She was about half a head taller than Shorty.

So what do you think Shorty did? He reached in his vest pocket, took out a little envelope, tore off one corner and poured a few grains of a whitish sort of powder down his throat. Pretty soon, while this beautiful babe stood there with the most adoring look in her eyes, Shorty began to grow. He grew an inch, six inches, a foot... And just about the time he had grown tall enough to look down patronizingly on our luscious heroine—he woke up.

Yep, it was all a dream. But science has stepped in and hopes to make it come true.

Recent experiments at the University of California have developed the possibility that a man may be able to control his stature at will—to add inches or feet to his height if he so chooses. While the University scientists point out that only a beginning has been made, it is possible that the men of science will some day be able

to eliminate many dwarfs from the human race.

This has all sorts of implications—people like the Japanese, for instance, due to their shortness, have smarted under a national inferiority complex that undoubtedly has much to do with their warlike preoccupations. In the light of recent University of California research, science may be able to increase the height of a whole population.

The magic talisman that is expected to do all this is an innocent-looking little white powder, extracted from the pituitary glands of cattle.

Due to the complicated and exacting process necessary to produce the growth powder, only a minute amount can yet be made at a time.

The powder is "anterior pituitary growth hormone." The men responsible for its isolation are Dr. Herbert M. Evans and Dr. Choh Fao Li, and their co-workers in the Institute of Experimental Biology at the University of California. It was Dr. Evans who first observed the growth action of hormones in 1922.

Dr. Evans is an eminent biologist and the discoverer some years ago of Vitamins E and F. Young Dr. Li is a chemist from Nanking University in China, and came to the United States nine years ago.

Dr. Evans and his associates have conducted

Science's New Wonder - Working Extract from the Pituitary Gland of Cattle May Add Inches or Feet to Your Height—and Even Help Solve the Age Old Mystery of Growth

interminable experiments with extracts of the mysterious pituitary gland. Their object has been to isolate all of the separate hormones—each one producing a different effect on the body—that are secreted by this little gland at the base of the brain in all animals, including humans.

It has been known for years that the pituitary secretions affected bodily growth; disturbances in the pituitary produce giants or dwarfs. Some years ago Dr. Evans, with injections of pituitary extract, restored normal growth to a little girl who stopped growing. In a number of experiments, he controlled the growth of rats, and produced giant rats at will.

Under normal conditions, the pituitary gland feeds the body with the exact amount of hormone necessary for normal growth. Subnormal or abnormal growth are indications of pituitary defects. These defects may become racial. The object of Dr. Evans and his fellow research workers is to secure quantities of the hormone—usually from the pituitaries of cattle—to supply these deficiencies. The vital growth-producing substance cannot now be made synthetically.

However, until Dr. Li's latest discovery, the scientists have had to tread very carefully—for the growth-producing extract was not pure and hence it might produce harmful effects.

A few weeks ago Dr. Li succeeded in purifying and isolating to his satisfaction the single hormone whose job is to produce growth.

Thus far there is only a tiny amount of the pure hormone in existence—enough to influence the

growth of a few experimental rats, but not enough to affect a human being. Two or three pounds of the anterior or front part of the pituitaries taken from many cattle produce only one one-thousandth of an ounce of the hormone. Dr. Li hopes, however, soon to produce enough hormone for clinical experiments on human beings.

The growth hormone is technically described as one of the proteins known as euglobulins with a molecular weight of more than 20,000. Under the microscope, it appears as a collection of little round crystalline-like particles—much like BB shot. It is injected in solution into the muscles.

THE growth hormone is the fourth of the six pituitary hormones to be isolated in pure form by Dr. Li. He and Dr. Evans have succeeded in isolating the lactogenic or milk-stimulating hormone, and the adreno-corticotrophic or the hormone that stimulates the outer shell of the adrenal gland.

Dr. Evans explains that the discovery of the pituitary growth hormone developed out of a purely theoretical study of a different subject.

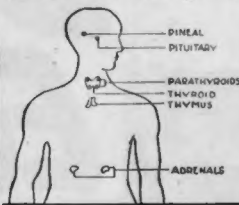
Dr. Evans started his career as an embryologist, observing the development of animals and children before birth. Going into the factors

June 11, 1944

Ever Try Hormones?



Even Smaller Than Artists of the Time Dared Paint Him, Napoleon Suffered All His Life from "Short Stature Consciousness" and Probably Changed the History of the World Because of It.



The Pituitary, One of the Mysterious System of Ductless Glands, Normally Feeds the Body the Right Amount of Hormone for Proper Growth.

Dr. Li succeeded in isolating the other gland hormones, as mentioned above; but the pure growth-stimulating factor still remained elusive. The little white powder appeared to be a single substance under all the ordinary chemical tests; but when it was injected into rats whose pituitary had been removed, it continued to have other effects in addition to that of stimulating growth.

Hope was offered in 1937 when a Swedish scientist, Tiselius, developed an ingenious method for analyzing complex chemical substances.

The method known as electrophoresis had been used for some years in the examination of proteins—to which group the hormones belong. It is based on the fact that particles of different substances, when placed in a solution and subjected to an electric current, move toward the electrodes in different directions and at different speeds.

This phenomenon can be easily observed in many common substances; but in delicate examinations of highly complicated proteins, the problem arose of how to observe and record the electrophoretic movement.

A GERMAN scientist named Toplar finally developed a system of lenses by which the different refractive properties of the various substances in the protein—that is, the different degrees in which they bent rays of light passing through them—could be observed.

Tiselius improved on this method, and developed a cell in which various components of the proteins could not only be observed but could be segregated.

When the University of California put one of these instruments to work, the way to isolation of the elusive growth hormone was finally cleared. But many experiments were still necessary until the absolutely pure hormone could be isolated to Dr. Li's satisfaction, which was done a few weeks ago.

At present the scientists are busy with further experiments on rats. They have found that 1-100th of a milligram of the hormone injected daily for ten days causes an increase of ten grams in weight—while having absolutely no other stimulating effect on the experimental rats.

An increase in 10 grams in a rat which weighs 40 grams is like putting on 37.5 pounds in a 150-pound man.

Naturally, they are anxious to prove the effect of the pure hormone on humans; but the difficulty of the job is great.

Laboratory workers have to raise or purchase about 1,000 rats each month, then feed them, groom them and observe them with more care than is usually given to a human baby. It is only through such exhaustive methods and innumerable experiments that accurate scientific data can be accumulated.

To get the same data from a study of human beings would obviously require scores or even hundreds of years; so the human race must be patient until the rat has played the star role



Both the Result of Pituitary Defects—Major, 29-inch Midget, and Jack Earle, 7-inch Giant. Science May Soon Be Able to Help Little Fellows Like Major But There's Still No Known Way of Shrinking a Giant.

and yielded all the information that it can give. Drs. Li and Evans are hopeful that experiments with the pure hormone will eventually shed much new light on the ultimate mechanism of bodily growth—which has remained one of the deepest mysteries to science since the beginning of the human race.

that influenced prenatal life, he made an exhaustive study of reproductive functions in rats.

He found that the reproductive conditions varied from day to day, according to a definite cycle. Then, to determine how this cycle could be altered he tried the effects of various foods.

The result of this work was the discovery of Vitamin E, which is necessary for the normal function of the reproductive organs. Then he looked into the possible influence on the reproductive system of other organs in the body. He ground up tissue from various parts of the body and injected solutions of it into female rats. Hundreds of experiments were without result. But when he tried injections of ground-up pituitary gland, he found it had a startling effect on the growth of the rats.

In a long series of experiments, it was determined that pituitary secretions had a vital effect on both growth and reproductive functions.

The next job was to learn whether all the effects of the gland extract were traceable to one chemical substance or to several different ones. Finally a fluid was obtained which stimulated growth of the rats but did not markedly affect their reproductive systems.

This proved that there were at least two different hormones produced by the pituitary gland.

But the experiments were still in a rudimentary stage. The growth factor and the sex-stimulating factor contained other substances which had other effects. Later, German scientists succeeded partially in isolating the hormone which affects the sex functions. It is now used to promote fertility in farm animals and sometimes in humans.

Sidetracking for a time the study of the effects of vitamins on growth, Dr. Evans concentrated on an exhaustive investigation of the pituitary growth hormone. While the University laboratories were conducting their experiments with female rats, several experiments were made on children in Santa Barbara, Cal.

THERE was the case of a little girl who mysteriously stopped growing at the age of four. By the time she was about ten years old, the difference between her and other children of her age was obvious. Changes in diet, exercises, and medicines were tried in vain—the little girl was apparently destined to be a dwarf.

The parents finally called in a specialist, Dr. William Engelbach. He had heard of Dr. Evans' research, and he obtained some of the pituitary extract. He injected it periodically into the little girl and almost immediately she began to grow. In less than two years she gained five inches.

Drs. E. Kost Shelton and Lyman A. Cavanaugh of Santa Barbara, meanwhile made similar experiments. One child receiving the extract grew an inch and a half in six weeks.

Then came the work of Dr. Li, who applied his analytical genius to the task of isolating and purifying—through thousands of chemical tests—the biological substances with which Dr. Evans was working.

PINCH-HITTIN' FOR MY SOLDIER
SURE DIRTIES OVERALLS....
BUT DUZ DOES 'EM EASY!



DUZ does Everything

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!



1 FARMIN' FAST 'N' FURIOUS
GETS TOWELS BLACK!
DUZ DOES 'EM
SNOWY WHITE!

2 NEVER SAW
WORK-CLOTHES
GET SO GRIMY!
NEVER SAW ANY
SOAP BEAT DUZ
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RAYON UNDIES PRETTY!
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SOAP IS MADE OF
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Extra wartime work means extra dirty wash! But DUZ pitches in and does more for you! Watch it say "scram" to the heavy grime on overalls—the dirt smears on towels! No soap made gets 'em cleaner and whiter easier! Yet DUZ is safer for colors than any other leading washday soap—safer even for pretty rayon undies. What a staunch home front ally. DUZ does everything!





"As the Maddened Apes Advanced Threateningly, Maquizapa Thrust Her Body in Front of Me, and I Could Swear She Was Begging Them to Spare My Life."



By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Explorer, Author of "Jungle Ways," Etc.

PERHAPS destined to become famous as the mama wolf who nursed Romulus and Remus, or the apes who adopted Tarzan, is the marvelous, almost-human monkey queen that recently saved the life of Russian Explorer Marjan Bogdanovic in the South American jungle.

Spanish scientists at Quito, Ecuador, have the name Maquizapa for her, but she may very well go down in natural history as the "Simian Pocahontas." For she saved the explorer from death at the hands of her monkey tribe in almost precisely the same way the famous Indian princess is traditionally supposed to have saved Captain John Smith from Redskins in Colonial Virginia. Every school child has been told that story.

The British captive lay condemned to death and the braves were about to dash his brains out, when Pocahontas threw her own body across his prostrate form and pleaded so eloquently that he was spared.

Explorer Bogdanovic reappeared this spring out of the Amazon jungles after being given up two years for dead, with his amazing simian heroine and the parallel story.

He had discovered deep in the wilderness a race of simians larger and more advanced in evolution than any commonly known in South America. They had their chiefs, forged in organized groups, shared and stored their food in common. And when he first arrived there they were "unafraid, highly curious, but always peaceful."

"They actually laughed at me," he tells, "even touched me, seemed to think I was the same sort of creature they were, but that my clothes were funny. Among the friendliest was a good-sized female. I gave her bananas, bread, a bar of chocolate one day, and she chattered her happy thanks."

"Soon afterward, one of the male leaders, perhaps her mate, turned ugly. He hurled a stone with terrific force, seized a heavy branch and came on with the plain intention of killing me. I shot him reluctantly."

"Others swarmed down from the

trees, shrieking, seizing stones and clubs. I continued to fire because I had to, and when others fell, the rest retired for a conference. The female was startled by the shots, but still clung to my side, holding me.

"Then an army of them approached, 15 abreast. They were planning to tear me to pieces.

"It is beyond human knowledge to know what was happening in that female monkey's mind, but suddenly

bling tones, answered by angry grunts from the chief. Every time they became more threatening. Maquizapa, as I named her, deliberately put her body in front of me. I could swear she was begging them to spare my life.

"She was doing just that—though of course none of the chatter was intelligible to me. Finally she won.

"From that moment Maquizapa renounced her tribe, her monkey ways,

became my jungle companion."

It's a tall story Marjan Bogdanovic tells, as well as a beautiful one, but from my own long observation of monkey folk in Africa, it contains nothing intrinsically contrary to strange and wonderful things they do.

Once, motoring with Andre Brielle from the jungle up toward Timbuctoo, we encountered a great, migrating tribe of baboons moving like an army. A gray old chief waved us down like a traffic cop. We stopped the truck and walked forward to watch the orderly procession.

They passed unhurried, eight and ten abreast, babies riding on their mothers' shoulders, feeble ones helped by the stronger ones.

As for affection and devotion, I had an ape named Boubou who nearly died of grief when I came down with dengue fever. And I'll never forget the chimpanzee, Maggle, mascot of French fliers at

Man-Like Ape Shot Near the Venezuela-Colombia Border, Standing 3 Feet 2 Inches Tall and Weighing 115 Pounds—a Type Scientists Never Believed Existed in the New World.



she pushed in front of me, pushed me behind her and faced the chief and his followers.

"And then began a terrific, chattering palaver. She seemed to be arguing with them, defying them, begging, pleading. There were screams, shouts, then lower, mum-

Dakar, who threw her arms around the commandant's neck and wept when two of the boys were killed.

A few weeks ago the American Weekly told of another strange case, contrasting with that of Bogdanovic. It was that of a soldier at San Pedro, Calif., in love with a monkey he brought back from Africa after the animal several times saved his life.

Bogdanovic took his heroine to Quito. There she developed a feminine love of finery, and except that she can't talk, is very much a person.

However, life right now is full of problems for the lady monkey. Bogdanovic is engaged to marry Senorita Mercedes Cagioni. Mercedes simply doesn't like monkeys. And the monkey doesn't like Mercedes.

Bogdanovic has turned his simian companion over to a friend. But Maquizapa is lovelorn. She obviously grieves for the man she saved.

"I'm really worried," Bogdanovic confesses. "If she dies of grief, I'll feel almost as if I'd killed a woman."



A Parallel of the Rescue of Explorer Marjan Bogdanovic (Above) Was Pocahontas' Pleading for the Life of Capt. John Smith. (Painting by Chappel.)



Whom Do We Thank For Bread?

It Was Standard Food 6,000 Years Ago, Started with Grass and Got to the Oven Via Centuries of Cultivation, Says Author Jacob, Who Has Just Ended a 20-Year Study of the Staff of Life

AN ENGLISH nobleman, in the course of a poker game, ordered his servant to fetch him a slice of beef between two slices of bread. He may have lost money in the game, but he won immortality. He was the Earl of Sandwich.

Yet hundreds of thousands of years ago, the caveman ate something whose materials were the same as the modern sandwich, namely, a hunk of meat, covered with some grass seeds, to avoid an all-meat diet.

The caveman preserved his grass seeds in a dry spot. But somehow, water got to them, the seeds began to sprout, and grain was born.

When man discovered grain, no one knows. It must have taken generations of prehistoric Burbanks and Mendels to change the habits and perfect the wild seed for human use.

Nor does anyone know who invented the first plow, and how agriculture was developed into an art and industry. The primitive plow was used for ages from Ireland to Africa, and France to China, but we don't know where it was invented.

After 20 years of tedious research, H. E. Jacob traces the birth and development of the "staff of life" in his book, "6,000 Years of Bread," published by Doubleday, Doran and Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Delving into the dawn of history, Mr. Jacob finds six important vari-

eties of grain, except rice, that have fed the people of the world for the past 10,000 years. These are: millet, oats, barley, wheat, rye and maize.

He places millet as the first known to man, utilized before he invented the plow.

Millet was followed by barley and oats. The latter two vied with each other, but oats lost because they grew to become an excellent livestock feed.

People who ate barley looked down on their neighbors who ate oats. Greeks, who roasted barley and sprinkled it on their beef, derided the Scythians who were oat-eaters. The Romans ridiculed the oat-eating Germans.

"This contempt for oats," writes Mr. Jacob, "was passed on by the Roman Empire to the Middle Ages. The Irish and Scotch alone, who did not live on Roman soil, were fond of the grain. Samuel Johnson, in his famous English dictionary, defined oats as 'food for men in Scotland, horses in England'—to which the Scotch quickly replied: 'England is noted for the excellence of her horses, and Scotland for the excellence of her men.'"

When the making of bread was conceived, barley dropped into the oats class, and wheat became the king of grains, because only wheat, and later rye dough, would hold the bubbles of carbonic acid gas.



This 3,500-Year-Old Leavened Bread from a Nile Valley Tomb Was Probably as Tasty to Egyptian Kids as the Modern Kind Is to Our Own.



Lowly Grasses from Which Evolved Our Wheat.

Rye was discovered by accident when wheat seeds were shipped through the Black Sea to Russia. Some weed seeds were mixed with the shipment, and when the seeds were sown under the harsh Russian climate, the wheat never germinated, but the weed did. That was rye.

The ancient Egyptians invented bread. They set aside the wheat dough to "decay" and discovered fermentation. But they could not bake this product on an open fire. That

led to the development of the oven.

From then on the Egyptians were known to the rest of the world as "bread-eaters." They paid the worker's wages in breads. An average peasant's pay was three breads and two jugs of beer a day.

The first sit-down strike dates back to those days when some laborers during the reign of Rameses IX, in the twelfth century B.C., refused to work when other food but no bread was paid.

With the first production of bread it became the most important item in human life and the history of mankind. The Romans, to keep their people quiet, supplied them with free bread.

Wars were lost and won because of bread. The French Revolution was won by the mob that demanded bread. Napoleon lost his Russian campaign because his men lacked bread. In World War I the Germans were defeated, as they had no bread to eat, and in the present war the Germans attacked Russia to get the Ukraine wheat fields.

Because of its great importance to humanity, grain and bread became the objects of reverence and superstition. The Greeks created legends for the Bread Church of Eleusis where they held great festivities dedicated to the goddess, Demeter.

The noise of the millstone reminded the Germans of Thor-Donar, their thunder god, and were afraid.

To this day many peoples hold bread in superstitious reverence. It is a sin in many countries to throw bread on the floor.

Most of us today take bread for granted—as long as we have enough.

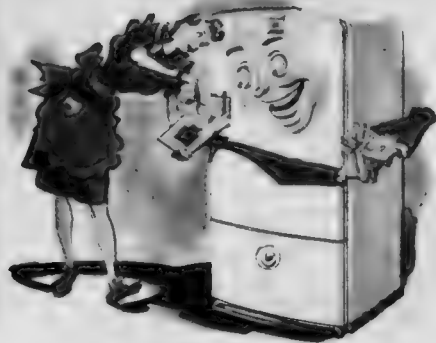
Little Billy must have bread with his jam. The laborer, the soldier, office worker must have it. It has become not only the "staff of life" but the most important factor in the scheme of the world.



Ancient Pictograph Painted in King Rameses' Burial Chamber Shows, Step by Step, the Baking of Bread in the Royal Bakery. Left to Right—Trampling of the Dough, Bearers Carrying Mixture to a Table Where Apprentices Begin Kneading. Heating of Baking Dishes in Which Moulded Dough Was Placed, and the Firing of the Oven. (From "6,000 Years of Bread" by H. E. Jacob, Doubleday, Doran.)

Frigidaire again reminds you

HOW TO KEEP YOUR REFRIGERATOR HAPPY



*If you know the answers to these ten questions
your refrigerator can give you better wartime service!*

Q. Do I ever have to oil and clean the motor?

A. No, if it is a sealed mechanism. Yes, if it is an "Open type" mechanism (usually belt driven). Ask your dealer what kind of oil to use, where to use it and how often. When oiling, clean and check the belt. It may need tightening or replacing. See page 27 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.*

Q. Does the condenser ever need attention?

A. The condenser is to your refrigerator what the radiator is to your automobile. Dirt and dust interfere with its cooling efficiency and increase the running of the motor. Clean with a long handle brush or vacuum cleaner attachment. Before cleaning, turn refrigerator off by pulling plug from outlet. See page 26 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.*

If it sulk



Q. What do I do if it won't run?

A. 1. Be sure "on and off" switch (if any) is "ON." defroster switch is "OFF," and plug is in wall outlet. 2. If so, check outlet with a floor or table lamp to see if current is on here. 3. If not, check for blown fuse in distribution panel at meter. 4. If current is on at outlet, insert refrigerator plug again and try moving temperature control to the coldest position. If trouble persists, call a service man.

Q. Why shouldn't hot dishes go in the refrigerator?

A. Placing hot foods in your refrigerator may raise the temperature of the food compartment. Wastes current, too. Hot dishes may be cooled before storing by placing in a pan of ice water. See page 24 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.*

Q. Does it matter how I open and close the door?

A. Yes. Always use the handle or opener. Perspiration from hands causes the rubber seal and cabinet finish, if non-porcelain, to deteriorate. See page 25 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.*

Q. What do I do if it runs too much?

A. 1. Clean the condenser. 2. Are you cooling a big food load or too much warm food? Freezing a lot of ice cubes? 3. Is control set for colder temperatures? Check these things before calling service man.

If it loafs on the job



Q. What do I do if it runs but won't refrigerate?

A. 1. Remove plug from wall receptacle. 2. Defrost completely. 3. Start mechanism and check to see if freezer gets cold. 4. Repeat if necessary before calling service man.

Q. How often should I defrost my refrigerator?

A. When freezer frost gets too thick it acts as an insulator, choking off refrigeration or causing the mechanism to run more frequently. It may also raise food compartment temperatures to the danger point. Always defrost before the frost builds up to 1/4" (about the thickness of a lead pencil). For an easy way to defrost your refrigerator in just 15 minutes, see page 27 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.*

Q. What is the door seal and what does it do?

A. The door seal is the rubber gasket on the inside of the door. When the door is closed it keeps heat out of the refrigerator. The seal should be tight at all times. Check it by closing the door on a narrow slip of writing paper. If you can slip the paper up and down with the door

closed on it, the seal is imperfect. If the gasket is worn out, soft, and sticky, have it replaced. Having the latch tightened or the hinges reversed may also help. See page 26 of 101 Refrigerator Helps.*

If it mopes



Q. What do I do if ice freezing is too slow?

A. 1. The temperature control may be improperly set. 2. Ice trays may not be resting flat on freezer shelf. 3. Some trays freeze naturally faster than others. Metal trays, for example, freeze much faster than rubber. 4. Trays will freeze faster in some parts of the freezer than in others. In normal operation you can speed up freezing time by wetting bottoms of ice trays before putting them in freezer.

If any trouble persists, call a service man

FREE! Ask Frigidaire Dealer for New Booklet*



Just off press! "101 Refrigerator Helps" for all refrigerator users! New tips on care and use of your refrigerator. Rules for freezing desserts, how to keep dairy products, how to save time with meal preparation; many other helpful facts. Get your free copy from any Frigidaire dealer. Find his name in classified telephone directory. Or write Frigidaire, 483 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio.

IMPORTANT NOTE TO FRIGIDAIRE USERS!

When your refrigerator needs service, it pays to call a man who knows his business. Find your Authorized Frigidaire Service Dealer under "REFRIGERATORS" in your classified telephone directory. Look for this heading!



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Division of
GENERAL MOTORS

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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS • RANGES • WATER HEATERS
HOME FREEZERS • ICE CREAM CABINETS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS
BEVERAGE, MILK, AND WATER COOLERS

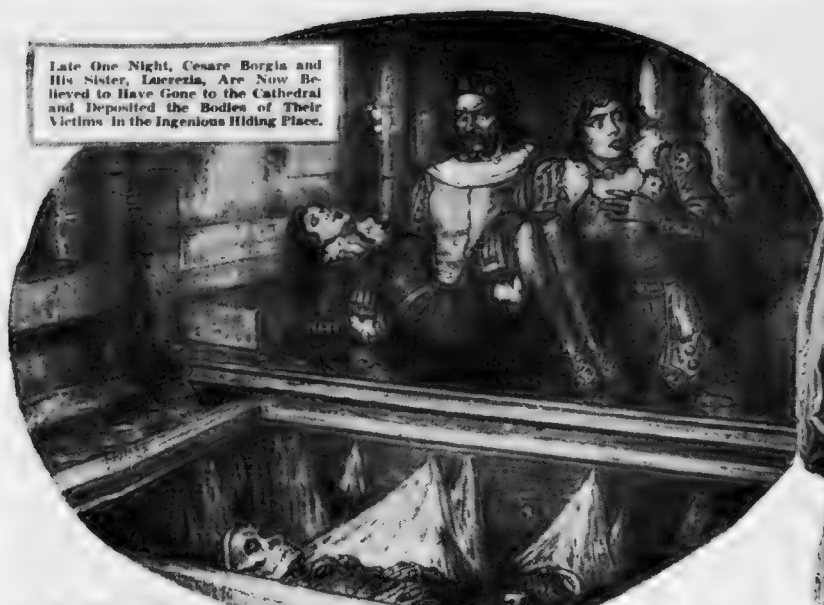
Food Fights for Freedom!

Grow more in '44! Avoid all waste; share and play square with food.



*Listen to GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR...
Every Sunday Afternoon, NBC Network*

Late One Night, Cesare Borgia and His Sister, Lucrezia, Are Now Believed to Have Gone to the Cathedral and Deposited the Bodies of Their Victims in the Ingenious Hiding Place.



400-Year-Old Murder Uncovered by a Bomb

By JOHN CRANDALL

BECAUSE of what a recent exploding British bomb revealed in Italy, new murder charges may be made in the court of history against the notorious medieval gangster, Cesare Borgia.

This will be brilliant going if the historians-sleuths can make it stick, for the crime occurred in the early 16th century and the bodies in the morgue are 400 years old.

RAF bombers were over Viterbo, 54 miles north of Rome, blasting railway yards and German ammunition dumps, when one of the bombs fell short and regrettably wrecked the ancient church of St. Francesco.

When Italian conservation experts and German officers explored the ruins, they found the huge marble coffin of Cardinal Vicedomini, who died in 1276, cluttered with debris, but intact. They decided to move it to safety, but it was too heavy to move in one piece. The lid, alone, weighed more than half a ton. They took the heavy lid from the casket.

The cardinal's body was there all right, mummified and identifiable. But crowded in with it were three other dried bodies, two men and a woman, all three plainly murdered, since their heads were bashed in. They were clad in 16th century garb, and from doublets, hose and broadsword dress, were obviously of the nobility.

Borgia and his infamous sister, Lucrezia, now are believed to have hidden Cesare's victims where only (as he doubtless thought) Gabriel's trumpet could find them.

More amazing than the discovery itself, is the fact that the murder mystery may not prove insoluble. Historians, scientific detectives, poring over old chronicles, not only lean to the belief that it's a Borgia crime, but are making shrewd guesses as to whose hand struck the actual blow, and why; and who, precisely, were the victims. Here is the way historians reconstruct the crime:

By 1504, Cesare Borgia was in full manhood, a powerful, swashbuckling bully, brutal but brilliant and ruthless—the head of a sort of private gessapo, which kept the Borgia family in power by murders, assassina-



Lucrezia Borgia Specialized in Poisoning Her Enemies.

tions, poison plots and predatory wars against any principalities which defied them.

The city of Viterbo, high in the volcanic hills, was a favorite summer residence of the Borgias, and also of the great Orsini family, which had incurred their enmity.

Down in Rome one winter, Cardinal Orsini was seized and thrown into a dungeon, where he died. Meanwhile, Cesare went up to Viterbo to "clean out the Orsini nest" there. Cesare arrived with his ruffians, raided the Orsini palace, and confiscated all their lands and wealth.

Old Count Gasparo Orsini, cousin of the cardinal, his grown son, Raffaelo, and the latter's wife, Donna Lienta, in residence there, simply disappeared. Cesare said they'd fled to Tuscany before his arrival. But they were never heard from by their friends, and no trace of them, alive or dead, was ever found.

This circumstance alone, though coinciding in time with the hiding of three bodies in the sarcophagus, would be too thin a clue, but the historian-detectives now declare they have something more to go on.

They think Cesare Borgia left his "trademark" on the three corpses, for most of the assassinations engineered by him were done with a heavy bludgeon, in the hands of a brawny henchman named Michelotto, the equivalent of today's trigger man or torpedero, whose specialty was cracking people's skulls—precisely as those three were murdered.

It was thus that the earlier murder of his own brother, Giovanni, Duke of Gandia, had been brought home to Cesare Borgia. It was one of the most brutal fratricides in a period of gangsterism in high places which leaves the Al Capone gang wars in Chicago pale by comparison. Giovanni, like the Orsinis at Viterbo, simply "disappeared." Some days later his body was fished out of the Tiber, bearing the same skull-cracked, bludgeon "trademark." Cesare and Michelotto didn't even bother to deny it.

Three years after killing his own brother and having brutally conquered many parts of Italy, Cesare returned to Rome in the summer of 1500 where he participated in bull fights and other festivities reminiscent of the ancient Roman orgies.

It was during one of these brawls that Cesare got into a fight with the Duke of Biseglie, his infamous sister Lucrezia's third husband, injuring him with a "blunt instrument." However, the duke was recovering, but when Cesare learned of this he had him murdered without "provocation, it is said.

Fortunately, Cesare's luck turned and to escape punishment he fled to Spain, where he was arrested and spent two years in jail. In 1507 he was killed at the siege of Viana, while serving in the army of his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre.

Lucrezia used subtler means, such as poisoned wine cups, needle-sharp stilettos and the famous "Borgia ring," with which a handclasp meant death.



Cesare Borgia, Mass-Murderer of the Middle-Ages, May Be Convicted of a Killing Committed Four Centuries Ago.

Cesare's bludgeon method, plus the fact that he could have had ample opportunity to tamper with the sarcophagus, convinces the researchers that their reconstruction of the crime is not only plausible, but probably true.

The finding of the bodies was announced in the Goebbels-controlled Hamburger Fremdenblatt, accompanied by the usual anti-Ally propaganda about "deliberate British bombing of sacred edifices."

A real herring was added, to the effect that it couldn't have been a Borgia crime because the Borgias used more refined family methods. For it happens that Cesare Borgia was the model for Machiavelli's "Prince," and is a pet hero of Hitler's. The facts have now reached the world through an independent correspondent by way of Lisbon.

"Murder will out," says the poet. And the good people of Viterbo, to whom the Borgia name is still anathema, are saying that the hand of God directed that bomb—even though it hit a church.



The Ancient Church at Viterbo, Italy, Which Kept Its Grim Secret Until a Bomb Blasted the Old Cardinal's Sarcophagus.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



"Why can't you smile like husbands in the movies?" complained Elsie

"MOVIE HUSBANDS get paid for smiling," bellowed Elmer, the bull. "I get leftovers for dinner. Smile? Bah, I won't even look pleasant."

"Those leftovers were delicious—as you would have found out if you'd tried them," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Besides, we can't waste food. Do you realize that nearly enough food to feed all our millions of fighting men for a year is wasted in American homes annually? Doesn't that make you stop and think?"

"Well, maybe," grunted Elmer, "but it doesn't make me feel much like laughing about leftovers. I'd rather have something good to eat."



"We get our share of good foods," insisted Elsie. "Take my Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk, for example. We take the finest milk a cow can give, then mix the cream all through it so there's cream in every sip. It tastes better, it's quicker-digesting, and there are 400 units of sunshine Vitamin D in every last quart!"

"Every time you take an example, it turns

out to be Borden's Milk," sputtered Elmer. "I tell you there'd be plenty of food for everyone if we didn't ship so much stuff overseas."

"Our Allies overseas," said Elsie quietly, "get less than 10% of our food. That's not so much, but it gives them strength to fight our enemies. The harder they fight by our side, the sooner we'll win. I'm proud to know that our



Allies are getting good American food such as Borden's Evaporated Milk and powdered milk like Borden's Klim."



"You make everything sound swell," snorted Elmer, "but how much food do we civilians get?"

"Plenty," laughed Elsie. "Another 15% goes to our Armed Forces, and we civilians get all the rest. That means home folks will get three quarters of all the huge amount of food to be produced in this country during the next 12 months. And, thanks to rationing, we'll each get a fair share of such valuable protein foods as Borden's Fine Cheeses. There's nothing like Borden's Cheeses to make leftovers taste like more."

"In that case," hinted Elmer, "it's a pity you didn't try a little of your precious cheese on that so-called meal you served me this evening."

"Gracious," smiled Elsie, "if you'd taken the trouble to taste it, you would have found out that I did. I notice you ate the dessert all right."



And no wonder. Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbet are not only delicious, they're nutritious dairy foods as well. The boys in our Armed Forces eat lots of ice cream."

"Sometimes I wonder if they don't eat too much," mused Elmer.

"These words come from your stomach and not from your heart," rebuked Elsie. "Our men in uniform deserve the best food available and all the food they need. Would you want it any other way?"

"Well, no, of course I wouldn't," admitted Elmer. "By golly, I'm going right home and eat those leftovers I turned up my nose at when we had dinner."

"That's the spirit," approved Elsie. "Hearing you talk like that perks me up as much as a glass



of Borden's Hemo. And scads of people say Hemo—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em—is the perkier milk drink they ever smacked a lip over."

"Stop talking or we'll miss our bus," mumbled Elmer, "and, woman, I'm hungry. I can hardly wait to get at the icebox and make Food Fight for Freedom!"

PRODUCE, CONSERVE, SHARE, PLAY SQUARE WITH FOOD.



© The Borden Company

LOST: The Last Clue to Ireland's Stolen Crown Jewels



Dublin Castle, Where Captain Richard Howard Gorges, a Very Mysterious Person, Was Commander of the Guard When the Irish Crown Jewels Vanished.

A SUBWAY train pulled into the Edgware Road station in London just as a tall, thin, gray-haired man toppled from the platform. The wheels rolled over his body, crushing fatally the last person who might have been able to solve the mystery of the stolen Crown Jewels of Ireland.

He was Captain Richard Howard Gorges, 69, who had been Commander of the Guard at Dublin Castle way back in July, 1907, when the diamond, ruby and emerald-encrusted collection of jeweler's masterpieces disappeared from a safe on the eve of a visit by King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

A swashbuckling soldier of fortune with a long record of daring escapades, Capt. Gorges was suspected of complicity in the robbery. But he was never brought to trial, and, despite every effort to wring information from him, he maintained an enigmatic silence for 37 years. In an ambulance after the subway accident, he recovered consciousness long enough to mutter something about "my great secret." A few minutes later he was dead.

In those last moments, Capt. Gorges perhaps recalled the bustle and commotion which filled Dublin Castle that hot afternoon of July 6, 1907, just before the arrival of King Edward and Queen Alexandra for the opening of the Dublin International Exhibition. The crown jewels, which they were to wear for the occasion, were in a safe in the library, with three sentries posted there on guard.

Five policemen were in the corridor outside the room and seven other sentries were posted within nearby. To reach the library any intruder would not only have to escape the observation of the guards, but would have to pass through three heavy doors, each of which required a different key to open.

The key to the safe itself always was on the person of Sir Arthur

14 June 11, 1944



Informed the Jewels He Was to Have Worn Were Missing, King Edward VII Wrathfully Vowed to Queen Alexandra He Would Never Set Foot in Dublin Again.

Vicar, the Ulster King-at-Arms, who was responsible for the custody of the jewels.

That afternoon he sent an emissary to the safe to deposit state papers. Under the eyes of the guards, the official inserted the key to turn the bolt. The door was already unlocked. He swung it open and peered inside. The crown jewels were gone.

Investigation showed that the audacious thief was a connoisseur of gems. He had spurned two state maces, the sword of state, the jeweled

sceptre and a gold collar. He had even turned up his nose at a small crown.

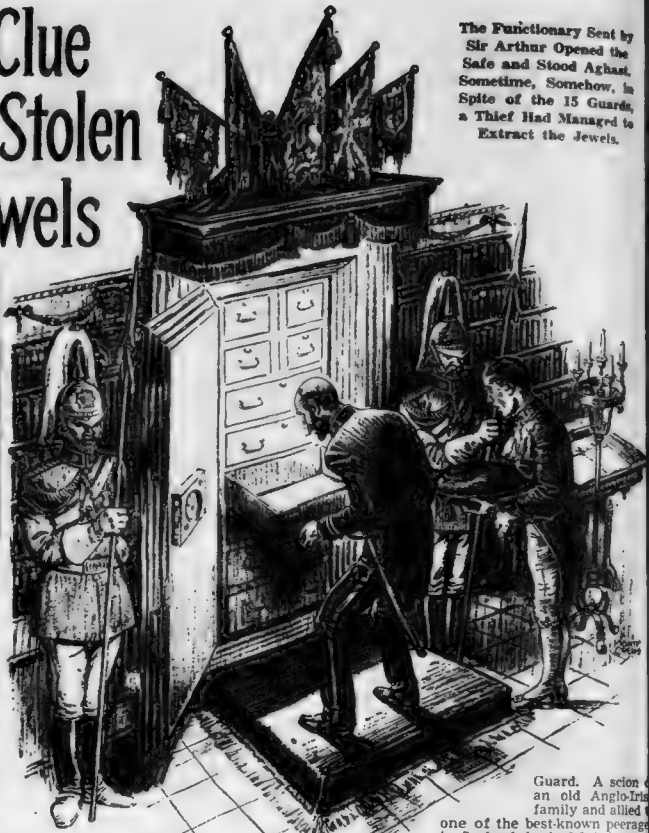
And he had done his job leisurely, unscrewing tiny fastenings by which some of the pieces were attached to ribbons. His loot included the diamond star and diamond badge of the Grand Master of the Order of St. Patrick and five gold collars of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, as well as several historic relics so old that there was no record of their origin.

The visit of the king and queen the next day was an anti-climax. King Edward was so indignant at the loss that he vowed he would never return to Dublin.

Sir Arthur, who had been Ulster King-at-Arms since 1893, agreed that the culprit must have been someone attached to the castle—someone who knew the hours at which the guards were changed, who could have entered the room without arousing suspicion, and who could have obtained duplicate keys.

One of the few who conformed to all specifications of a suspect was Capt. Gorges, Commander of the

The Functionary Sent by Sir Arthur Opened the Safe and Stood Aghast. Sometime, Somehow, in Spite of the 15 Guards, a Thief Had Managed to Extract the Jewels.



Guard. A scion of an old Anglo-Irish family and allied to one of the best-known peerages in Ireland, he had left home in his teens to look for adventure.

His quest took him first to Rhodesia, where he joined the South Africa Company's police. His recklessness in the Mashona and Bechuana campaigns of the Matabele War earned him the nickname of Daredevil Dick, and his captivity.

When peace came he took up ivory trading, which held his interest until the Boer War. Then he enlisted as a trooper in Thornycroft's Horse and participated in enough escapades to make him almost a legendary figure.

Once he and some fellow troopers helped themselves to bags of gold they were supposed to be guarding. On another occasion, he kidnapped an officer who had punished him for disobedience, and painted his captive in such ludicrous fashion that he was a laughing stock for days. There was a story never substantiated, that he organized 25 men for a raid on the De Beers diamond supply in

Kimberly, but abandoned the project "because the fools didn't have spunk enough to go through with it."

At any rate, he won four medals for bravery and enough commendations to get him a commission in the Royal Irish Regiment after the war. It was in that capacity that he took command of Dublin Castle's guard.

Two years after the robbery, a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the mystery. All it did was to censure Sir Arthur for failing to exercise "due vigilance and care." He retired to private life and in 1934 he was assassinated.

The crown jewel robbery was forgotten until 1933, when it was reported in Dublin that a gang on the continent had the gems and would hand them over for \$250,000. Nothing was done about it.

With no apparent source of income, Captain Gorges lived quietly but in comfortable circumstances until 1914, when he again joined the army. A few months later he shot and killed a policeman and went to prison for 12 years. When he emerged he was even more uncommunicative than ever. His "big secret," if he had one, went with him to the grave.

A Historic Gold Collar and Star Which Were Stolen.



If You're Loaded With Dough and Don't Know How Or Where to Have Fun Like a Lady Or Gentleman in New York, Mr. Clegg Will See That You Go Home Happy—and Maybe Broke!



Charles M. Clegg, Jr., Former Navy Radio Operator, Hit Upon His Unique Spending Idea While Serving in the Pacific.

ARE you all dressed up and have no place to go? Do you have money to burn and no suitable locale in which to start a fire? Have you the dough to be a man-about-town but not the savvy?

The answers to all these pressing \$64 questions are in the bag for New Yorkers and the constant stream of visiting firemen who inundate Manhattan.

For only \$10, you—too—can learn how to be happy though rich in the nation's metropolis. It is the high purpose of Gotham De Luxe to teach persons how to spend their money with sophistication, savoir-faire and no pain.

The sparkplug of Gotham De Luxe is Charles Myron Clegg, Jr., whose business it is to assist the well-heeled to attain financial responsibility.

His business is built on the observation that the old saw "easy come, easy go," isn't necessarily so.

"In these fabulous times, when the nouveau riche are spot welders, how to become a millionaire in six easy lessons is no problem at all," says Mr. Clegg. "The problem is how to get rid of the filthy stuff once it has begun to pile up in the wallet."

Clegg's second shrewd discovery is that everyone—even the New York yokels—who reads the syndicated columns hankers to be a city slicker. With their money and Clegg's savvy, the young man aims to make any customer a junior Diamond Jim Brady or Fanny Ward. Clegg will provide the right addresses and advise on how one should act once one gets inside.

With Clegg's detailed instructions on the what, where, when, why and how of smart Cafe and Saloon Society life, any lady riveter from Detroit, California shipyard worker or Park Avenue hick can do the rounds with the assurance of a Lucius Beebe and the aplomb of an Elsa Martinson.

The crying need for such a service came to Clegg while he was in Guadalcanal, Espiritum, Santo and Bougainville, where for two years he served in the Navy.

His back pay continued to pile up and he kept dreaming about the food he had left behind at the Stork Club and the wine at El Morocco—12,000 miles away.

When Clegg was discharged

June 11, 1944



Willie the Welder Who Dreams of Blowing His Weekly Jackpot in One Swop Can Now Have His Arabian Night in Manhattan Planned Down to the Last Toothpick.

Gotham's Guide for Good-Time Charlies

the Navy because of an eye ailment, he beelined it into New York.

"Out in the Pacific, we heard that New York was a boom-town and the whole nation slap-happy with quick, war-time money," he explains. "And the first day that I was home, I saw a sandwich man on the street advertising \$2,000 mink coats."

As if that were not sufficient, Clegg dined at a restaurant where broiled pheasant at \$14 is a standard item. It didn't take long to calculate that a dinner for two would tote up to \$30. "It seemed obvious that I ought to

Clegg's reply and advice to the sailors included a "parenthetical note" which said in part:

"Lunch time in Manhattan is somewhat later than Navy chow, from 1 until 2:30 p. m. Dinner, if you're going to the theatre, is along 7:15 p. m. If you're out for din-

fremented by the Cole Porter-Noel Coward Duke of Windsor contingent who sometimes dine, always drink and perennially play gin rummy in languid elegance."

At El Morocco, he warned the boys, "that minding your own business is advisable unless you want to find yourself chatting with a real duchess or an elaborate phony."

He said: "At the Blue Angel the show is not for the prudish but attracts the best carriage trade as a result."

Nor does Clegg neglect or scorn such free shows as The Stage Door Canteen, the Statue of Liberty, the view from the Empire State pinnacle or Grant's Tomb.

Recently, Clegg wrote a scenario for a night out on the town, starring a young lady and her Marine fiancé who, she wrote, was rich as Croesus. Clegg estimated his itinerary for this pub-crawling pair, including theatre tickets, would cost the Marine \$150.

It did, and the customer could not have been more satisfied, especially over the dinner for two at "21."

The meal, planned by Clegg, and costing \$50, included Russian caviar, pheasant in casserole, champagne, hot house asparagus, crepe Suzettes and substantial tips. For his fixed fee of \$10, Clegg will also plot a high old time in safe but glitter-

ing spots for unescorted ladies who want to see Life, not live it. He makes it a hard and fast rule never to see the customers. All contact is by mail.

If is no escort or shopping service, although the people begging him for nylons are legion. His aim, he says, is to help people have a good time.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 15



Clegg's Personally Plotted Spree May Include a Visit to Swank "El Morocco" Where John Perona Serves Duck Under Glass.

do something to further this new share-the-wealth program," Clegg explained modestly.

If the nation was determined to spend its money like a sailor on shore leave, who was better qualified to outline the proceedings than an ex-gob? No one, Clegg decided. So Gotham De Luxe was born.

Among his most recent clients are two sailors who won \$500 in a Chicago craps game. They wrote to him, saying that they wanted to blow the whole bankroll on a swank, memorable week-end spent in New York.

ner only, it's 8 to 8:30 p. m.

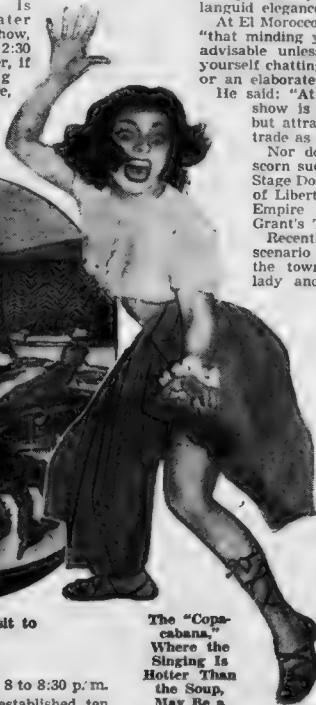
"The old established ten per cent tip doesn't apply nowadays, and from 15 per cent of your total check on upward, depending upon individual circumstances of courtesy and service, is best."

In re: tipping, Clegg wrote the sailors, "We take it for granted that anyone can find a slug by daylight," and then listed the town's night spots—with comments.

Of the 1-2-3 Club, he wrote, "It is

The "Copa-cabana" Where the Singing Is Hotter Than the Soup, May Be a Goal.

Photo European



Why Veronica Lake Likes Woodbury Natural

- ✓ GIVES ANGELIC FAIRNESS
- ✓ LENDS FRESH CLEARNESS
- ✓ BRINGS SATIN-SMOOTHNESS

GIRLS! For the love-lure of lovelier skin, wear your Woodbury shade . . . There's one to glamorize *each* skin type. Blended by the Color Control process, Woodbury Powder goes on color-true, *stays* color-fresh, veils tiny blemishes with its gossamer texture, clings smoothly hours longer. Choose *today* from the 8 bewitching Woodbury shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP—all for \$1. Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your just-right, glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—generous sizes—at no extra cost! **ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER** 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



VERONICA LAKE
starring in
"THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN"
a Paramount Picture

Follow the Stars... to be Adorable, Adored!

MARJORIE REYNOLDS

featured in
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"
a Paramount Picture



This One Complete Cream is all you need

SO LITTLE TIME! So much to do! No wonder more and more Hollywood stars turn to Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It gives *complete* care—*easily, quickly*.

Yes, it does *everything* to make your skin lovelier, lovable: Cleanses thoroughly—grand for day and bedtime clean-ups! Freshens. Softens, smooths beautifully. Holds powder. Acts as a night cream, helping to smooth away dryness and erase tiny dry-skin lines.

Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream so beautifying. An exclusive ingredient, *Stericin*, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs. Get a jar *today*. 10¢ to \$1.25.



Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM...
CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY AS FINEST COLD
CREAM—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!

Why Are Yawns Catching?

The Sight of a Gaping Mouth, Now Thinks, Sets Off a Forgotten Reflex We May Have Inherited From Our Finny Ancestors



The Pelican Gets Twice as Much Out of a Yawn.

IF YOU can look at the pictures on this page without yawning, you're pretty good. The chances are, you can't, because yawns, like the measles, are contagious. Nobody knows exactly why, but there are some interesting theories. Of all living creatures, only one yawns with an obvious purpose. That is the fish, which opens its mouth to increase its supply of oxygen. If the theory of evolution is true, we may have inherited this life-preserving act from our scaly ancestors.

But that doesn't begin to explain why, when we don't particularly need a puff of reviving oxygen, we nevertheless ape the first yawning person we see.

It seems likely that there is a visual or emotional stimulation in the act, which creates

a reflex, or involuntary response. This can best be explained in terms of mob psychology—an imitative action of the kind which leads people or animals to stampede in fright.

Several noted animal photographers, who took some of the pictures on this page and who have some theories about yawning, invaded the zoo to test them out. They found that even the wildest of beasts will indulge in yawning sprees, provided there is the proper stimulation.

According to science, the reason is that some unconscious signal seems to go from the sight center to the yawn center of the brain, which promptly responds with a similar performance of its own.

Usually, persons yawn when the blood is sluggish, and copying another's yawn is a sort of safety valve. But there is a practical side of the picture, too.

One animal photographer said he has supplied some insomniacs with pictures of yawning beasts, and the result was most satisfactory.

Babies Yawn When They're Sleepy in Order to Oxygenize Their Blood.



The Secretary Bird, Like Its Namesake, Yawns When It's Bored—Which Is Often.

BLACK STAR PHOTO



Most Dogs, Science Has Found, Will Copy The Yawns of Their Masters.



EUROPEAN

Stuffy Rooms, as You Can See, Don't Cause Yawning.



Cats That Are Kept Confined in Badly Ventilated Houses Also Yawn Frequently.

Look, Insomniacs! This May Be the Answer to Your Problem.



Out of This World—in Reno



The Riverside Hotel Beside the Truckee River Into Which, Legend Says, Newly-Freed Hurl Wedding Rings, Is First Stop for Litigants.

By INEZ ROBB
CHAPTER VI

RENO, Nev.

DOES your wife make you nervous, sir? Does your husband inflict you with twitches and the screaming meemies or the jumps, Madam?

Then Reno is your remedy if you haven't strength of character to solve your domestic problems yourself.

O, uneasy thought! If your spouse makes you nervous in any of a thousand ways that is prima facie evidence of cruelty in any Nevada court and entitles you to a divorce in jig time.

In the three to four minutes allotted to each divorce case in Reno's Washoe County courthouse, even a talkative lawyer does not have time to ask too many questions.

But almost invariably, legal counsel—in the monotonous, automatic fashion of a juke box record repeated ad nauseam—asks his client the \$64 question:

"Were you nervous?"

The divorce-seeking client assures the court that he (or she) was so nervous he could scream, and the case is in the bag. The judge, reading or writing on the bench with a quarter car on the case, automatically nods his head and drones "decree granted."

The number and variety of conditions that make a divorce-seeker nervous are infinite and wonderful beyond compare. The distilled wisdom of Reno courts indicates that among the most nerve-wracking marital experiences are:

- (1) Your in-laws (they shouldn't happen to a dog).
- (2) Your spouse's childhood chums cluttering up the house and making smart with the cracks.
- (3) Nagging, nagging, nagging.
- (4) Arguing, arguing, ARGUING — and you keep my mother and politics out of this!

(5) Division of intellectual interests, like should we go to the movies tonight or go bowling?

These are the age-old rocks on which the matrimonial barque shatters and sinks as frequently as on drunkenness, non-support, actual physical cruelty and infidelity—all of which are calculated to induce a nervous condition, too.

The most exaggerated case of nervousness on recent record is that of a middle-aged woman who recently obtained a divorce in record time when she testified that her husband was in the habit of removing his glass eye at the dinner table. Even the somnolent jurist took note of that one.

"Every time, it gives me heartburn and gas on the stomach," the woman testified, and no one doubted her word.

The slap, slap, slap of his wife's mules on the household floor all day Sunday, his one day of rest, drove a husband into such nervous spasms that nothing but the Reno Cure would do him any good. He got it from a sympathetic court.

The courts have noted one trend since World War II. The rationing of gasoline has made fewer men and women "nervous" over possession of the family car than in the past. The auto, which once assumed the importance of an inanimate co-spendent, no longer figures in divorce statistics.

Three Times the Exhilarated Divorce Seeker Threw Herself Into the Shallow Water of the Truckee, Which So Impressed Her Husband That He Relented, Giving Reno's One Suicide Try a Happy Ending.

The speed with which marital injustices are adjudicated here is guaranteed to leave the innocent bystander dazed and panting. Before the current boom in divorces started last year, the average Reno divorce case required only about five minutes.

Cases are run off on the belt-line system, with no time out between cases. As one plaintiff leaves the witness stand with newly bestowed freedom, the next plaintiff is prodded forward by his legal counsel who realizes that time is of the essence.

HOTEL

Complying With the State's Residence Requirements, a Newcomer Registers At a Hotel in the Presence of a Witness Whose Testimony Will Establish Her Citizenship.

well-manicured finger nails right up to the wrist. Usually the plaintiff looks dazed by the speed and ease of it all when the judge murmurs "decree granted" and the attorney briskly orders, "Step down, please."

The essence of Nevada's divorce statutes is this state's repudiation of the axiom that marriages are made in Heaven. Nevada, like the poet Southey, believes the evidence is against the assertion and concurs with him that "if marriages are made in Heaven, they ought to be happier."

This tart observation leads directly to Nevada's contention that marriage is solely a legal or civil contract and not a religious sacrament, a solemn obligation or an institution for the preservation of social order.

This is the position of Nevada's legal fraternity to a man.

Marriage, they argue, is merely a civil contract between two individuals and can be broken by due process of law.

You may call this view of marriage pragmatic, materialistic, realistic, sacrilegious or—opportunist. But as long as it concerns a well-paying business, the Nevada Bar is not apt to change its views.

If this is the basic theory of Nevada divorce law, then the cornerstone of its administration is the residence requirement. Every man or woman who obtains a divorce in a Reno court must solemnly testify under oath that he has come to Nevada to make it his home or permanent residence.

"Did you come to Nevada with the intention of making this your home for an indefinite period of time?" is the sing-song routine of every lawyer whose client is on the stand.

The client, whose return ticket home is usually in his pocket at the moment, says a vigorous "Yes."

Every time I hear this testimony in a Reno court, I expect at least an admonitory clap of thunder, if not a bolt of lightning, aimed right at the falsifying divorcee.

"Surely the court, the divorcee and her attorney know she's lying in her teeth!" I exclaimed indignantly to the lawyer who had kindly taken me into court to see my first Nevada divorce case. "They must know she's not going to make her home here any more than I am."

"Certainly, dope," said my lawyer friend genially. "But that's the essential part of the racket. She's got to establish her residence here before she can get her decree. That's what makes the decree stick."

I mulled this over for a moment.

"But doesn't that amount to collusion, malpractice, perjury and fraud, to say nothing of the perversion of justice?" I asked.

"How you do talk, honey, and what big words you know!" my legal light said tolerantly, and closed the conversation.

Nevada's residence requirement, now shaved to six weeks, stems from a legitimate, historic impulse in the growth of the nation. In 1864, Nevada was admitted to the Union as a state by the Proclamation of President Lincoln, who desperately needed the new state's electoral votes in the impending presidential election, just as the Union itself des-

Six Weeks of Waiting and a Four-Minute Trial Complete the Cure. County Clerk Elwood Beemer Formally Presents the Eagerly-Sought Paper That Proclaims an Ex-Wife's Newly-Bestowed Freedom.

perately needed the millions in gold and silver pouring out of Virginia City's fabulous lodes.

(It is a historic fact that a substantial part of the vast sums needed for the prosecution of the Civil War and the preservation of the Union poured out of the Comstock and Nevada's other new found mines.)

The State's population, always small at best, fluctuated so drastically with her mining booms and depressions that Nevada passed a law requiring only six months residence to make one a resident and voter. This was a shorter period than that required by any of her sister States.

It is this law, designed to keep a decent show of strength at the polls, that first attracted the divorce trade to Nevada and Reno at the turn of the century.

It must have been in that far off day, too, that some spirited woman, after leaving the divorce court with her decree, tossed the sign of her former bondage—her wedding ring—into the nearby Truckee River.

This—the wedding ring into Truckee—is another Reno legend that dies hard. I had planned to help eke out expenses in Reno by hanging around the South Virginia Street bridge over the Truckee and doing a little marine salvage work.

However, after the first fruitless weeks, I began to lose faith in the legend. Then I was told that the last person — and mayhap the first — to play ring-toss in the Truckee was the movie actress, Margot Grahame.

Margot did it at the request of an enterprising photographer after first providing herself with a ring from the five-and-dime.

The legend still persists, but the rippling surface of the Truckee isn't constantly disturbed by showers of once-cherished bands of wedlock.

As for any tragedy-ridden divorcee tossing herself in the river, only once have the police been forced to fish a woman out of the Truckee.

Some years ago a lovely little lady putting in the required time in Reno, who, frankly, had acquired a swell brannigan, threw herself into the swift mountain stream.

However, it was mid-summer and the Truckee was low. So the police hauled the victim out without too much damage even to their own tempers. The cold waters had helped sober her up. Authorities deemed it safe to return her to her hotel suite without preferring charges.

Imagine the annoyance of the police when they were called out at 3 a. m. to fish our heroine out of the Truckee once more. There is no concealing the fact that in the interim our heroine had been drinking like a fish, but not water.

Naturally, the police were antagonized and took our gal to jail. By 6 a. m., she seemed fairly sober and once more the gendarmes returned her to her hotel suite.

Picture their chagrin when, at 8 a. m., they were again forced to do a Weissmuller and pull little Miss Lush from the river.

This time, alas, she had miscalculated her leap. She had struck a boulder and broken a leg. Instead of shooting her, the police sent for her husband.

He, the boob, was so impressed by the boundless love—to say nothing of the quantities of liquor—that had driven his little woman to her suicidal tries that he gathered her to his bosom.

When last seen, the reunited couple was boarding the train, homeward bound. That is one of the few authentic reconciliations on record in Reno.

And it is a story that has been told and retold because it doesn't follow the Reno pattern and stands out as a unique episode in the city's history.

The wild life of many Reno "guests" and the opportunities they have for indulging in it will be told in next week's article by Miss I Cobb.



A Reno Lawyer Who Has Aided in Cutting Thousands of Knots.

Eugene Fontana

This—the wedding ring into Truckee—is another Reno legend

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Education— by the Comic Strip

The Chicago Natural History Museum, Introducing Joe Elk, Turns to the Cartoonists to Increase Our Knowledge of Our Prehistoric Ancestors—and Does It With Extraordinary Success

COMIC pictures have invaded the solemn portals of the staid Chicago Natural History Museum. The story of "Joe Elk," an American Indian prototype of Dagwood and Flash Gordon, is being told in colored funnies to Museum visitors.

And, as might have been expected, the result has been an unexampled interest in Indians.

Joe Elk is a Shell Mound Indian, who lived in Kentucky before 500 A.D.

His adventures probably would not pass the critical scrutiny of a cartoonist, but they satisfy museum trustees who, after all, don't go for excitement.

The innovation was made by the museum after much thought, and with considerable trepidation. But Paul S. Martin, chief curator of the Museum's Department of Anthropology, expresses himself as delighted with the way the experiment has worked out.

"We are getting more inquiries about Joe Elk than we ever got about the whole anthropological department," he said. "And that suits us because inquiries mean public interest, which is what a museum is designed to stimulate and satisfy."

The Museum chose the Shell Mound Indians because they represented the earliest Indian civilization in the southeastern United States. Later funnies will depict Indian heroes of other primitive tribes.

Originally titled, "The Life of Joe Elk," the Museum comics are in a newspaper series, about the size of a conventional newspaper page.

They are displayed in an exhibition case which also contains bone fishhooks, stone axes, and other implements used by the Shell Mounders.

Some fussy old Museum visitors shake



Sewing With a Bone Awl—Part of the Exhibit.

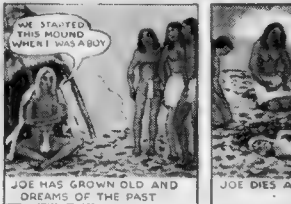
their heads sadly, on viewing the story of Mr. Elk and his companions, and wonder just what anthropology is coming to. Yet, the fact is that this is not the first time the funnies have proven that they have an appeal to studious and supposedly serious minds.

The late President Woodrow Wilson was devoted to "Krazy Kat." The story goes that it was his custom to relax with Krazy, Cop and Mouse before discussing the problems of the last war with his cabinet.

During Britain's darkest hours in 1940, George VI lightened the strain by pursuing the adventures of Soglow's "The Little King." Before the Japanese marched into Thailand (Siam), the King of Siam sent George McManus a baby elephant



By Adopting the Appeal of George McManus' Jiggs, the Anthropologists Hope to Create More Interest in the Story of the Life and Times of These Early Shell Mound Inhabitants.



Museum Officials Present the "Life of Joe Elk" Or "How a Shell Mound Grows," Using the Modern, Comic-Strip Technique.

in appreciation of the entertaining antics of the unpredictable Jiggs in "Bringing Up Father."

Comprehensive surveys show that more than one-half of the adults in the United States and two-thirds of the children over six read the comics regularly. The world audience is reckoned in the hundreds of millions. It has been diminished, of necessity, by the war. But American comics are still getting into England, Australia, Finland and Sweden—and even countries conquered by the Nazis.

Chicago's scientists did some heavy thinking. Before the war, American comics were serviced to 131 countries and colonies. They were translated into such languages as Javanese and Yugoslav and adapted to local conditions. If, the savants reasoned, Jiggs' corned beef and cabbage could be transmuted to fish and rice to make the strip understandable to the Chinese, why couldn't a dull subject be prettied up?

It could. They created Joe Elk, just as Carl Anderson created Henry. Joe Elk probably never will be as well known as Buttercup or Toots and Casper. But the scientists hope he will achieve some measure of the personalities of the comic characters, who are as real to the readers as though the pictures lived next door.

The men who dream up the sequences know how alive their brainchildren are. Like Brandon Walsh,

father of "Little Annie Rooney." Once he pictured Annie without gifts at Christmas: the newspapers which used the feature were deluged with dolls, cakes and pies. Another time she was in the clutches of Mrs. Meaney, a reprehensible operator of an orphan asylum: a Missouri lawyer wrote, offering to help Tree Annie.

The late E. C. Segar, who gave Popeye to the world, made such an influential contribution to the American scene that mothers asked him to stop having the sailor open cans of spinach with his teeth: their children were trying to do it, too. The citizens of Crystal City, Texas, heart of the spinach country, dedicated a monument to Popeye.

When Chic Young, in "Blondie," was preparing his readers for the birth of Cookie, second child in the Bumstead household, he asked suggestions for a name. In two weeks he had 400,000 letters.

Rulers of foreign lands recognized the power of the comics. Before the war, Mussolini banned Alex Raymond's "Flash Gordon" as American propaganda. Subsequently he prohibited all comics in Italy—all except "Mickey Mouse," which Mussolini himself couldn't get along without.

But the comics have proved their value. They have gone a long way since the late Morrill Goddard, first editor of The American Weekly, first put them in color in 1894 when he was Sunday editor of the old New York World. Their mark is in the language—in "hebble-jeebles" and "time's a-wastin'," which the late Billy de Beck gave us in "Barney Google"; in "goon" and "jeep," made popular by Segar; in "let George do it," by McManus; in "23 skidoo" and "banana oil," by the late T. A. Dorgan.

The comics are here to stay. That's official because only the other day the Japs, never noted for their sense of humor, broadcast that they were going to adopt them. For propaganda purposes—to show what great people the Japs are!



Prehistoric Americans Did Their Chopping With Stone Axes.



Today our boys at the battlefield have bodies as sturdy—frameworks as rugged—driving power as vigorous as those irreplaceable jeeps! They are built to "take it" in high. They get their vitamin C every single day in the week!



When the days of peace arrive—to stay! Make no mistake! Vitamin C isn't only a wartime need. Without it, no one can know the joy of feeling on top of the world—of feeling alive from head to toe—bubbling over with life!



Every can of Florida Grapefruit Juice is a regular treasure chest of precious vitamin C. This is a vitamin so essential to red-blooded health that Uncle Sam has said, "Every man, woman and child needs it every single day!"

THESE are the days!

...the days when Every Body demands the protection of

VICTORY VITAMIN C

Seven days a week—365 days a year—these are the days when America's millions must be fortified with vitamin C. That's why countless cans of grapefruit juice are shipped to our fighting forces . . . and why Uncle Sam makes sure a supply remains for you! Both in wartime and in peacetime—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday . . . THESE are the days for vitamin C . . . the days for canned grapefruit juice!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • Lakeland, Florida



IT'S THE COMMANDO FRUIT!

Rich in vitamin C that Commandos get every day!

FIGHT Colds!
FIGHT Fatigue!
FIGHT Weakness!
FIGHT Infections!
FIGHT Absenteeism!

AND 2 OTHER JUICES—**RICH IN VITAMIN C!**

Although Uncle Sam has set aside all the canned grapefruit sections, and most of the canned orange juice, blended juice, and concentrates for the armed forces—some orange juice and blended juice is available for civilians.

With deaf ears turned to murderous machine-gun muzzles—with eyes that scarcely blink at the flash of bursting bombs—the dauntless crews of America's great Victory Fleet "deliver the goods" to our men across the seas. Frequently included in those fiercely guarded cargoes are countless cans of Florida's Grapefruit Juice—the precious ammunition to fortify every body with "Victory Vitamin C."

Canned  **FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE**
RICH IN VICTORY VITAMIN C

Priceless Old Clothes

THE most valuable get-ups in Hollywood are not hanging in the moth-proof vaults of the studio wardrobes. They are not creations of hand-fash-



One Eminent Actor Wouldn't Part With an Old Bow Tie.

ioned lace and billowing gold threaded brocade. Movie costumes are not moved to admiring oohs and aahs when they see them on the screen—and they see them often.

These all-but-priceless possessions of the famous and prosperous stars of the film firmament are assorted old clothes that wouldn't get a second look from a rummage sale customer—if he didn't know the stories behind them.

This unspectacular array of sartorial junk includes battered hats, worn-out shoes, frayed shirts and dresses that haven't been modish for many a season. They are beyond price because the celebrities they belong to are fond of them and superstitious about them. They are shabby symbols of success.

Two such souvenirs were much in evidence during the filming of Columbia's "Mr. Winkle Goes to War."

One was a necktie and the other was a dressing gown. Both were in bad shape—and high favor.

The tie—a dark blue, polka-dot number—was worn by Edward G. Robinson years ago, when he first became a box office hit in "Little Caesar."

He's worn it in every picture he's played in since. He wears it as Mr. Winkle. He'll never throw that dog-eared cravat away.

The other treasured bit of personal gear on the Mr. Winkle set is a faded and disintegrating blue-and-white dressing gown belonging to Ruth Warwick. The actress

wore it when she got her first big part.

From that day she has connected the well-worn garment with good roles, fat salary checks and popularity at the box office. Between scenes she lounges around in the thing—to the amazement of visitors who don't know the story behind the robe.

It's beginning to bust out at the seams so, just in case, Miss Warrick is having an exact duplicate of it made by an expensive Hollywood modiste.

Many a top-notch boxer makes as much of a fetish of old clothes as the superstitious stars of Hollywood. He'll never throw away the bathrobe he wore the day he became a champ.



Brides, too, are whistling this happy little washday song

RIN-SO WHITE



Beautiful Mrs. Robert Foster, the former Jean Collier, was married recently in Beverly Hills. She's in the motion picture "Cover Girl." Jean says she guards the beauty of her hands by using Rinso for dishwashing.

HERE'S MY ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDES who want snowy washes...easy washdays

SO YOU'RE BEING MARRIED IN JUNE! HERE'S A TIP, GRACE—DON'T LET WASHDAY GET YOU DOWN. RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES DAZZLING WHITE!



SOMETIME LATER

I TOLD YOU, GRACE, THAT WASHDAY IS EASY WITH RINSO. SEE... IT SOAKS OUT DIRT WITHOUT HARD RUBBING



Protect your washer. Have your dealer check it regularly. And always use Rinso, the soap recommended by the makers of 33 leading washers.

Avoid Soap Waste

RINSO REALLY DOES GET OUT MORE DIRT. I WASH EVEN DIRTIEST SHIRTS GLEAMING WHITE EASILY. YET RINSO IS SAFE FOR WASHABLE COLORS



INSIST on TINTEX—the only ALL-FABRIC dye at 10¢ a box!

15¢ FOR THE LARGE SIZE—why pay more?



With Tintex you needn't pay any more than 10¢ or 15¢ to get a dye in a SINGLE box that dyes ALL fabrics! Comes in the same Gray Box you always bought—the best value, the best quality in dye history! Over 50 colors. Remember, only 10¢ a box (15¢ for the large size)—at drug, department and 10¢ stores. Easy! Quick! Perfect! ALL-FABRIC Tintex is America's quality Dye.

GUARANTEED by PARK & TILFORD to dye ALL fabrics including Celanese, Nylon and Mixtures

Tintex

All-fabric

TINTS & DYES

PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

SKIN IRRITATION

Due to dry eczema, chafing, minor rectal discomfort, simple rashes caused by war-time work...

Try the gentle Resinol way to joyful relief. Feel it soothe itchy stinging, ease desire to scratch, and hasten lingering comfort.

Resinol Soap cleanses skin gently.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Fulton's PLANTABBS



This "extra boost" of rich, balanced plant food provides all the food elements plus Vitamin B1 needed for early, big yields of tomatoes, beans, cucumbers, all vegetables. Simply insert tablet in soil. For liquid food dissolve 4 tablets in gallon water. Unequalled for roses, garden flowers, potted plants. 35¢, 50¢, 81¢, 92.75¢ dealers or postpaid. Plantabbs Co., Baltimore-1, Md.



PLANT-FOOD IN TABLET FORM



It's an E-Z-DO!
..and economical too!



My daughter's room looked drab and dreary.
Now E-Z-DO has made it cheery.
A flowered chest, a wardrobe, too
Turned dull to bright—and old to new!

Here's what E-Z-DO makes!

Wardrobes • Storage Closets • Accessory
Boxes • Storage Chests • Garment Bags
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Accessories • Shoe Racks • many others

Because of restrictions, some E-Z-DO
products are not available today.
Enjoy the E-Z-DO you can buy.

FREE! Fascinating decorator booklet
"How to Give Your Home a
New Lease on Life." Packed with decorating
tips. Send your name on a penny postcard.

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makers of wardrobes
and storage chests
E-Z-DO, Dept. 88
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Your scratching fingers often add
irritation to the itch of minor
skin rashes, insect bites or chafing.
Get soothing, cooling relief
with Mexsana, the medicated
powder. It contains ingredients
frequently recommended by
specialists for these miseries. Thou-
sands of mothers have also used
Mexsana for over 40 years to re-
lieve, soothe, and even help pre-
vent baby's diaper rash. It costs
very little and saves most in
larger sizes. Buy a supply today
for the family. Demand Mexsana.

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ever so many fabrics are
removed quickly by Mufti.
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the spot, your dealer re-
funds the purchase price.
A favorite cleaning fluid of
smart housewives for over
25 years. Be sure to get



MUFTI

THE MULTI-USE SPOT REMOVER
TRY: St. Joseph's Aspirin
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

OLDER PEOPLE!



Try Great Tonic Many Doctors Advise

See how good-tasting Scott's Emulsion
helps tone up your system; helps build
up stamina and resistance against colds,
if there is a dietary deficiency of A & D
vitamins. It's easy! Simply take Scott's
daily throughout the year. It's great!

Buy at druggists today!



How many extra war
bonds are you planning to
buy? Well, now is the
time to buy them and
victory is waiting for your
bond purchases

The World's Trickiest King



The Boy
Monarch
Watched
Every
Move
of the
British
Magician
— and
Wanted
to Know
Just How
Each
Mystifying
Trick
Was Done.

WHEN Deveen—Brit-
ain's famous magi-
cian—recently
stopped off at a hotel in
Bagdad, he was amazed to
receive a note on the sta-
tionery of eight-year-old
King Feisal of Iraq. It was
a royal command—ordering
the distinguished deceiver
to appear at the monarch's
palace immediately.

Deveen was puzzled. He
couldn't figure out why the
king would want to see him
so badly. It wasn't unusual,
he knew, for royalty to
order entertainers to give
command performances.
But this was different. The
master of legerdemain had
gotten the letter even be-
fore he was dressed for
breakfast—hardly a likely
hour for putting on a show.
Hurriedly throwing on
his clothes, Deveen went
downstairs to find one of
the royal cars, and a motor-
cycle escort, waiting for
him. He was quickly
whisked off to the palace.

THE importance and ur-
gency of the royal sum-
mons was impressed upon
the Englishman still more
when, upon arriving, he
was told that the king
would see him immediately.
No sooner had the visitor
been ushered into the
throne room than Feisal dis-
missed all his attendants.
Whatever the monarch had
to say to him, Deveen re-
alized, was of such impor-
tance that the king wanted
no one else to hear. When
the big, tapestry-hung room
had been cleared, the Iraqi
monarch leaned far for-
ward on his throne.

"What I want to know,"
he demanded of the expect-

ant conjuror, "is how the
devil you pull cigars out of
puffs of smoke?"

King Feisal, it developed,
had seen a part of the show
that Deveen had given the
previous night for British
officers at the hotel.

"And another thing," the
monarch added, "could you
teach me the trick?"

DEEVEN, telling the story
on his recent return to
London, admitted that he
was so startled by the royal
request that he couldn't an-
swer for a minute.

Feisal, noting his hesita-
tion, continued:
"Perhaps there's some-
thing in your magicians'
union laws that won't let
you disclose your secrets...
but if you show me, I promise
not to tell a soul."

Then the monarch con-
fessed that he had always
nursed a yen to be a magi-
cian, and envied those who

could do such feats of illu-
sion as pulling rabbits out
of hats.

The king was beside him-
self with boyish delight
when Deveen agreed to stay
on in Bagdad for a few
days and give his majesty
lessons.

"He planned to do the
cigar stunt at one of the
meetings of the royal cabi-
net," Deveen said. "He
thought the trick would
leave 'em popeyed—and I
don't doubt that it did."

FEISAL, according to the
British magician, was an
apt pupil. He quickly mas-
tered all he was taught, and
spent most of his spare
time improving his tech-
nique.

"With a little more train-
ing," Deveen said, "King
Feisal would be good enough
to do a turn in any music
hall. In a way, it's a pity
that he can't."

"Put it there, Sister!"

And thanks for pretending not to notice it's my left.

But, then I might have known that you'd under-
stand. You've understood a lot of things.

You took a job. You went to work. You knew
this was a full-time war...that there's a crying
need in war plants, other necessary jobs and in

the Armed Services, for women who'll pitch in and
fill the gap.

It's girls like you who make a feller proud.
You're not afraid to get in there and work at what
ever you can do.

The doctors say that I'll be as good as new—
well, almost. Soon I'll be working, too.

We're rolling now. We've got to keep on rolling.
We know the guys out there where I was, can't do
it all alone. Help end this thing the way it's got to
end—without one unnecessary hour between today
and when the Japs and Jerries holler quits.

Put it there, Sister. We'll show 'em.

Remember, any job you take which releases a man
to fight becomes a major contribution to a speedy
victory.

See the Help Wanted ads in your local news-
papers. Visit the nearest United States Employ-
ment Office. Or apply at Army or Navy Recruiting
Stations. Don't delay!



The more women at war
—the sooner we'll win

next week

Seers and Suckers

by
**JOSEPH
DUNNINGER**

The famous mind wizard who
has amazed radio audiences
by reading their innermost
thoughts, exposes the fake
spirit mediums who are prey-
ing on the families of our
country's war dead. Begin this
great series in the...

JUNE 18 ISSUE OF

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES, BY

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.,
Makers of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Dumfounded at Being Forced to Pay a Bill for More Than Twice the Legal Room Rate, the Angry Soldier Figured Out a Way to Get Even That Worked, Until . . .

By MICHAEL "MICKY" MacDOUGALL
Famous "Card Detective" and Author Who Has
Exposed Swindlers Who Prey On Service
Men and Civilians

No. 3—Rackets in the Camps
WHEN wartime swindles are mentioned, one generally conjures up a mental image of a sneaky looking civilian rooking an upstanding service man. This is not necessarily a true picture. Ofttimes the man in uniform is cast as the villain. The number of con men in the armed forces is, happily, quite small, but there is always the exception to prove the rule.

Such an exception was the sergeant in charge of barracks at a huge midwestern induction camp. This genius figured out a way to sell a cheap radio for more than \$2,000.

When the newly-drafted trainees arrived, the sergeant would make himself most agreeable. He was the antithesis of the traditional hard-boiled top-kick. After a few days he would suggest to the men that quarters would be more comfortable if they had a radio.

Most of the selectees were quite surprised to learn that such a thing was permissible and would seek information as to how to acquire a radio. The sergeant knew of a store in a nearby town where a good one could be purchased for

\$100. Did the boys want to chip in and purchase it?

The hundred dollars would be raised in short order. The non-com obtained a night's leave and returned the following day with the radio. As soon as the soldiers saw their purchase they realized they had been taken. The machine was worth no more than \$25. However, there was nothing to be done about it, so they made the best of it. After all, they did have a radio.

Then the joker would be dealt. Orders would come to move on. The sergeant, who was remaining at the camp, would be asked to buy the radio for a fraction of what it cost. There was no need for that, because he knew he could get it for nothing.

Then the sergeant would secrete the radio until the next inductees arrived. That radio has been sold about 20 times.

Life on a crowded transport is likely to be exceedingly dull, and the men are avid for diversions. One larcenous seaman (let's call him Smith), took advantage of this ennui. Smith's sharpshooting proclivities had been acquired on the streets of New York.

He was a wizard with cards, and could make a pair of dice roll and say "Daddy." His buddies in the Merchant Marine became aware of Smith's dexterity and refused to play with him,

So the cheater confined his gambling to the times when the transport was carrying soldiers.

He picked as his first victim a private well called Bill, who seemed well supplied with money. Bill was leaning on the rail watching the Whitecaps when the seaman engaged him in conversation. Smith finally nipped the \$64 question.

"Did you ever play dollar-bill poker?" he casually inquired.

"Nope. How's it done?" asked the interested soldier.

Smith pulled a wad of currency from his pocket and counted off ten one-dollar bills. Then he produced an envelope, tore off the upper left corner and stuffed the money inside.

"The idea is to guess whether the serial number on the bill is odd or even. What would you call—odd or even?" he asked.

Bill hazarded an opinion. "Odd."

Smith pulled out the top bill. "You win," he said, passing it over. "What's the next one?"

Of the ten bills in the envelope, the soldier guessed four correctly. "You won four dollars that time," said Smith. "Now you put ten bills in the envelope, and I'll call the turn."

AFTER a half hour the soldier had lost his entire bankroll. Then Smith unloosed a bombshell. "You're a grade-A sucker," the seaman said.

"I took you over the hurdles. There's a gimick to this game, so I couldn't lose."

"Why, you crook," Bill exclaimed. "I oughta toss you overboard."

"Now, take it easy," soothed Smith. "I didn't have to tell you I gypped you, did I? But I kinda like you and I'm going to show you how to get your dough back. I'll teach you the gaff and you'll get your money back ten times over. Gimme a double sawbuck and I'll spill the dope."

"You took all my scratch," said Bill. "So how can I pay you 20 bucks?"

"Borrow it," advised Smith.

Ten minutes later Bill returned, clutching

LEGIONS OF LARCENY



so do I. I'll cover any amount that I can call the bill right." The sailor produced a roll and counted off enough to cover Bill's bankroll. Then he handed the envelope to the soldier. "You're calling," he said. "What is it—odd or even?"

AGAIN Bill looked at the bill just to make sure that the letter was E. "It's odd," he said, his voice trembling with excitement. Forgetting himself, he reached for the pile of bills. "Wait a minute," objected the sailor. "Let's see." He jerked out the bill. "It's even."

"What!" shouted Bill. "That's impossible. It's got to be odd." He snatched the bill and examined it closely. There was no doubt about it—the serial number was even, although the key letter was E.

"I gotta be going now," said the gob, stuffing his winnings into his blouse. He reached over, pulled the fateful dollar bill from the listless hand of the dazed soldier and walked away.

That night, when the sailor and his partner, Smith, were dividing the loot, Smith separated one bill from all the rest. He gazed at it lovingly, then folded it carefully and put it away.

"I'd hate to lose that bill," the sharpshooter said. "I had a tough enough time changing that F into an E."

Civilian cheating of soldiers is commonplace. Rarely is the shoe on the other foot. But the case of a corporal, whom we'll call Jones, illustrates how sometimes man bites dog.

The corporal was married. When his wife came for a week-end visit, they checked into a hotel in a nearby city. The bill for the room was \$7 a day. Jones objected. "That room rented for \$3 double last month. It's against OPA regulations to charge \$7."

The clerk explained. "Did you see that motor installed at the bottom of the window?" he asked. "That's an air conditioner. We charge \$3 for the room and \$4 for air conditioning."

The corporal paid. A month later the corporal and his wife checked into another hotel. This time the cautious non-com asked the rate

and was told: "Four dollars a day, double."

At 6:40 A. M. he signed the hotel register. At 7:30 P. M. he asked for his bill. The bill was \$8.

"You made a mistake," Jones told the clerk. "I just checked in this morning."

"You came in before 7 A. M., didn't you?" asked the clerk. "Anyone checking in before seven o'clock is registered as arriving yesterday."

"That's O. K.," said the corporal. "But I'm checking out tonight. I'm still here only one day."

"You're wrong again," said the clerk. "Our check-out hour is 6 P. M. You kept the room an extra hour, so you'll have to pay two days."

THE corporal paid, but he didn't like it. He determined to get even. He cut off an old pair of khaki trousers and tied the part from the knee down around his legs. An overcoat completed his uniform. Apparently he was fully dressed.

That night he checked into the first hotel. As he had no baggage he paid in advance. The next morning he called the manager on the phone.

"During the night all my clothes and my money were stolen," complained the corporal.

The worried inn-keeper hurried to Jones' room. The non-com was sitting on the bed, naked. A search disclosed an overcoat and a pair of shoes—nothing else. The trouser legs were in the sleeves of the coat.

The hotel willingly settled for \$100 to escape a court case.

But Jones overdid things. He tried the stunt at different hotels. Finally he got caught.

THE END.

After Taking All His Money in "Dollar - Bill Poker," to Those Who Know How to Play It, Isn't a Gamble.

some soiled bills. Smith accepted the proffered money. "Okay, here's the secret. Every bill has a small capital letter in the upper left-hand corner. If that letter is A, the serial number is odd; B is even; C is odd; D is even; and so on throughout the alphabet." He offered a handful of currency to prove his statement.

Bill nodded. "That's all right as far as it goes, but how am I going to get a glimpse of that letter when the bills are in the envelope?"

"You always tear off the upper left-hand corner of the envelope. If anyone objects, you say it's necessary so you can pull the bills out easily. When the guy you're taking over shuffles the bills and puts them in the envelope, some of them will go in with Washington's picture facing up. Those you are sure to win. On the others your chances are even-stein. In the end, you're bound to break any sucker you get into a game."

"O, boy," enthused Bill. "What a racket! See you later—I'm off to the races."

THE conniving soldier borrowed more money and went to work on his buddies. In a few days' time he had built up quite a respectable sum. Then he met Smith again.

"How's tricks?" asked the seaman. "I hear you've been taking the boys for a ride."

"And how. So far, I've won close to two C's."

"That's good," congratulated Smith. "How'd you like to double your stake?"

"On, no. You don't get me into any game with you," replied Bill.

"Don't be a dope. I'm not trying to clip you. There's a gob topside who just won the ship's pool. And he doesn't know this racket. I'll lead you to him, but I want half the winnings."

"Why don't you take him yourself?"

"Cause none of them will gamble with me. They figure I throw too many curves," Smith said.

"All right, I'll take him," Bill consented. "But I'll cut you in for only 25 percent."

"You're a cheap skate," accused Smith. "But come on, let's go."

On deck, the potential victim was pointed out to Bill. Using the identical technique with which Smith had introduced himself, the cheater was soon engaged in a game of dollar poker with the affluent sailor.

Within 15 minutes Bill had won about \$20. He was mentally calculating how long it would take to get the rest of the sailor's money when he received a rude jolt.

"I'll have to quit now," the "victim" said. "I go on duty in a few minutes."

"I hate to quit winner," lied Bill. "But I'll give you a chance for revenge. I'll meet you when you're off duty, and we can play some more."

"No, thanks. I don't like the game," refused the sailor. "There's no excitement. I like to gamble for real dough. But if you really want to give me a chance to break even, I'll bet you as much as I've lost that you can't call this last bill. How about it?"

Bill took one peek at the envelope and his heart leapt. The correct corner of the bill was showing with the letter E plainly visible. Scenting the opportunity for a killing, the sharper pulled out all his money.

"You've got a bet," he agreed. "But you said you like high stakes. Well,





UTAH'S early settlers chose "Industry" as the state's official motto. It was a natural choice for an industrious people. In Utah they visualized a future of peace and prosperity to be attained through individual energy and enterprise.

They pioneered irrigation to bring water to the parched lands. They planted grain, raised cattle and

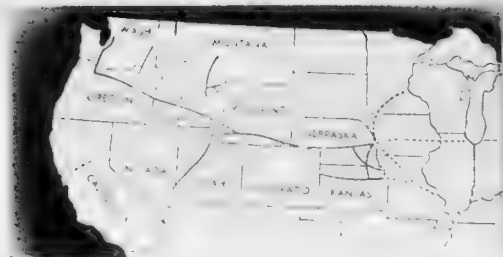
sheep. Sugar beets, too, became an important crop. Mining was developed. In 1869, the Union Pacific came to Utah and provided the means whereby the state's products could be shipped to distant markets.

Today, Utah's farms, ranches, mines and factories contribute greatly to the war effort. Day after day, livestock, grain, vegetables, fruits, sugar

and ore are transported by Union Pacific over the "strategic middle route" uniting Utah with the East and the Pacific Coast. Utah's citizens play a vital part in hastening victory... in working and fighting to maintain the fundamental right of every American to achieve success through industry.

★ Utah is one of the 11 western states served by the Union Pacific Railroad. Subsequent advertisements of this series will feature other states.

Listen to "YOUR AMERICA" on NBC Coast-to-Coast Network every Saturday afternoon. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD
THE Strategic MIDDLE ROUTE

Does a busy day
make an OLD MAN
out of you?



• Maybe you're missing something, mister... maybe you could end that "old man" feeling this simple, scientific way... with a Band-Aid Black self-adjusting Suspenders. They're everywhere in all walks of life, active or quiet, heavy or light... save the firm, comfortable support of a suspensory... they feel years younger... less tired... all the time.

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOK

This free illustrated book tells you how even claims to have found new vigor... helped to banish quitting-time fatigue... how they stay fit and energetic all day long... every day. Send for your free copy today.

BAUER & BLACK Suspenders

Division of
The Knicker Company
Dept. B-213
248 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your booklet about Suspenders.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
My occupation is ☐ Active ☐ Not Active

FOR DRY SCALP AND DULL HAIR USE JERIS HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

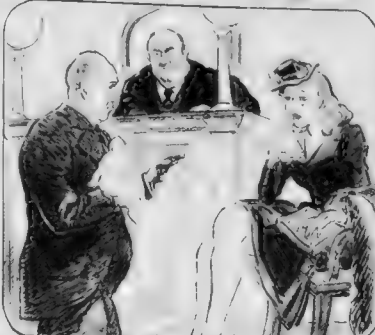
FOR DAD and the fellow who wears his uniform a pretty long time, here's a product that will just fit the spot. Classic Century-old American (see below). \$1.50

FORECASTER SUPERB
Dr. Scholl's...
Lancaster, Mass. U.S.A.

New FOOT RELIEF
Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX...
Shoe, Heel, and Toe Sores.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX
BLEMISHES
EXTERNALLY CAUSED
CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT
Cuticura helps relieve externally caused pimples, smile rashes. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-1, Malden, Mass.

Is Crying Legal?



Many a Litigant Has Put on a Tearful Show to Impress the Judge and the Jury With the "Justice" of Her Case.

WHEN gray-haired Charlie Chaplin stepped down from the witness stand at his recent Mann Act trial in Los Angeles, he had the courtroom spellbound. In telling the story of his relations with Joan Barry, his pretty red-headed ex-protegee, the millionaire movie star pulled out all the stops, including tears. Whether he was putting on an act wasn't an issue at stake. But it does raise the interesting question as to whether it is legal or ethical for a witness, or a lawyer, to resort to tears to sway a jury.

The question of tear-shedding came up before the Supreme Court of Tennessee not so long ago. After considerable deliberation, the judges held that copious tears were a legitimate weapon in legal artillery and even indicated that it might be the duty of a lawyer to shed them if he could.

Justice Wilkes, who wrote the unanimous opinion, pointed out that there was no law anywhere that forbids weeping before a jury, that it had been used since time immemorial, and was a custom deeply imbedded in common law.

"The conduct of counsel in presenting their cases to juries," the jurist ruled, "is a matter which must be left largely to the ethics of the profession and the discretion of the trial judge."

Canada's Handless Handyman

MANY an armless soldier has come back to his native Canada, depressed over the prospect of starting life anew as a cripple.

But he isn't downhearted long—at least not after meeting Charlie McGonegal, the handless "handy man."

This veteran, who lost both of his hands during the first World War, has taken it on himself to tour Canadian hospitals and show badly wounded men that they're not all washed up just because they have lost arms or legs.

With his artificial hands, he drives a car, dresses and shaves himself, writes, lights cigarettes and plays cards. He has even become an expert horseman.

When the soldiers hear this brave flyer's own story they get all pepped up with plans for their own careers.

"Perhaps no two counsel observe the same rules in presenting their cases to the jury. Some deal wholly in logic and argument, without embellishments of any kind. Others use rhetoric and occasional flights of fancy and imagination. Others employ only noise and gesticulation... "No cast-iron rule can or should be laid down. Tears have always been considered legitimate arguments before a jury... it would appear to be one of the natural rights of counsel, which no court or constitution could take away. "Indeed, if counsel has them (tears) at command, it may be seriously ques-

tioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever proper occasion arises, and if the trial judge would not feel con-

strained to interfere unless they were indulged in to such excess as to impede or delay the business of the court."



"The view isn't much but you'll notice the bulb is marked G-E!"

"TO MAKE G-E LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"
The Constant Aim of G-E LAMP RESEARCH
G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC



want a
Dream Complexion
to come true
on you?

Want a brand new, flawlessly lovely, camellia-petal complexion? Then say "Solitair" at your next toilet-goods-counter stop. Exciting? M-mmmmm! You'll thrill to its exquisite, satiny smoothness—its longer lingering, fresh loveliness. Helps conceal little skin flaws and blemishes, too! Contains Lanolin (blessing supreme!) to avoid drying your skin. Drug, department and dime stores have it in six flattering, day or night shades.



A CAMPANA PRODUCT
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 27

You were
stymied by
a cold...

(Your throat felt
way off par)



So you got
yourself
a pack
of KOOLS

If they
clicked so
well with
you then

(when your throat was raw)



Why not
follow through
and smoke 'em
all the time?

Switch
from "Hots"
to KOOLS

-for
good!



Robin Hood in Modern Dress

THE amazing criminal career of 21-year-old Daniel Jos—called England's modern Robin Hood—came to a climax in a London court the other day when the culprit was sentenced to jail after confessing that he had hoodwinked some of Britain's leading jewelers and rare art dealers out of more than \$100,000.

The resemblance between Jos and Robin Hood, however, ended right there. He was no righter of wrongs. The suave and nimble-witted crook went in for his light-fingered work just for the thrill of it. It so happened that the lucky persons who got a part of his swag were hard-pressed London refugees.

When the exploits of the young man, a former Polish soldier, were related in court, the flabbergasted Magistrate, J. B. Sandbach, said:

"If these facts had been put into the form of a novel and submitted to publishers, I don't suppose anyone would have printed them, for the story would be considered too fantastic."

Jos—his real name was Joskowitz—joined the Polish Army in 1940 and came to Britain. In May of 1941, he was sentenced by a court-martial to eight months imprisonment for fraud. His term up, he was discharged from the army. It was then that he launched upon his spectacular career of crime.

In some manner still unknown to the police, the



The Slick Young Crook Threw Champagne Parties for Penniless Refugees With Some of the Money He Stole From Art Dealers and Jewelers.

former soldier got hold of a good-sized financial stake. He dressed up in the best of clothes, posing as a Swiss millionaire. In this manner, he gained the confidence of art dealers and jewelers.

On one occasion, according to court testimony, Jos obtained six loose diamonds on approval and sold four of them back to a jewel merchant who shared the same office with the victim of the sly trick.

Another time he left a prominent art dealer holding the bag for over \$20,000 in rubber checks. Invariably he chose victims who,

because of professional embarrassment, were not likely to report their loss.

As fast as he raked in the money, he spent nearly \$2,000 a week on himself. The rest he gave to charities and to Polish refugees. Throwing champagne parties for the needy was one of his favorite amusements. Sponsoring struggling theatres was another.

Although Jos's attorney tried to liken his client to Robin Hood, Judge Sandbach was unimpressed. He sentenced the young Pole to 12 months' imprisonment and recommended his deportation.

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By JANE TEN BROEK

Blankets

A black and white line drawing of a woman with short, curly hair, wearing a dark top and a patterned skirt. She is sitting and looking down at a small object in her hand. A large, stylized eye is visible in the upper left corner of the illustration.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

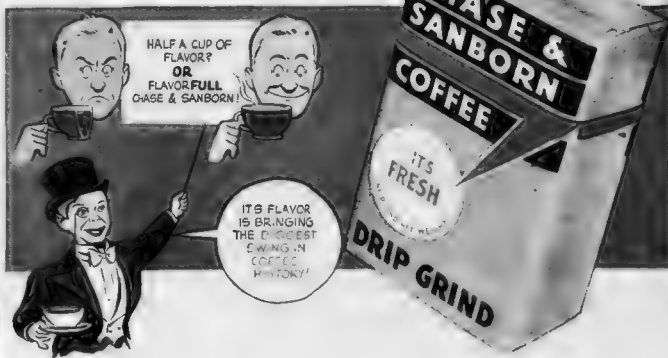
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HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

Make More Jelly

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

JELLY experts define good jelly as "a clear, tender, sparkling, fruit-flavored substance, firm enough to hold its shape when turned from the glass, yet soft enough to spread with a knife."

That calls up memories of all the good jelly ever eaten at our own tables and those of friends. And it's a challenge to every homemaker this summer. Uncle Sam says "Make more jelly," because the commercial supplies will be requisitioned as part of the vast amounts of food needed overseas for our armies, and because nourishing and energizing sugar-sweetened jellies and jams are important for next winter's war-weary lunch boxes and the home menus.

Here are brief general instructions for new jelly makers. To conserve sugar, as much as one-half of the sugar called for in a jelly recipe may be replaced with honey, or one-fourth of the sugar amount can be replaced with light corn syrup.

The Fruit

TO make jelly, the fruit juice must contain acid and a jellyifying substance called pectin. Sugar must be added. The amount and quality of pectin in any variety of fruit varies at different stages of maturity and may vary from year to year.

Fruits which generally yield juice satisfactory for jelly making are: tart apples, blackberries, cranberries, currants, barberries, grapes, acid guavas, gooseberries, loganberries, mayhaws, most plums, quinces, and sour oranges.

Juice from fruits which are low in pectin may be combined with apple juice or with a commercial pectin. When using a commercial pectin, follow the directions which come with it.

Fruits for jelly should be barely ripe; a little more firm and ad than for eating. Juice from under-ripe fruit gives a jelly of poor flavor; from over-ripe fruit it may not jelly.

Extract the Juice

WASH and drain sound, firm, barely ripe fruits. Remove hulls, stems, blossom ends. Cut decayed and bruised spots from large fruits and cut large fruits into small pieces without paring or coring. Quinces, however, should be cored.

To soft fruits, add just

enough water to prevent sticking. Heat gradually; mash while heating. Boil gently from ten to twenty minutes. To hard fruits, add water barely to cover. Cook until soft.

Pour the fruit into a cotton bag made of muslin or two or three layers of cheese-cloth, or a muslin sugar sack. Hang it above a large kettle. Do not squeeze the bag; this makes cloudy jelly. The juice drips through slowly.

For a second extraction of juice, return the pulp to the kettle and add one cup of water to each cup of pulp. Cook slowly fifteen minutes and let stand ten minutes before putting it in the dripping bag. A satis-

As Soon as Berries Come to the Market, Make Jellies and Jams for Use Later On.

factory jelly is made by combining the first and second juice extractions, though it probably won't be as clear, or have as fine flavor, as when made from the first extraction.

The Cooking

DO not cook more than two quarts of juice at one time. Measure the juice. Heat to boiling. Add sugar. Stir until it dissolves, then boil rapidly without stirring or skimming until the jelly point is reached.

Jelly Test

DIP a large spoon into the boiling jelly syrup. Tilt the spoon until the syrup runs over its side. When

Small Amounts of Marmalades and Jellies Are Easily Made All Through the Fruit Season.



the liquid has reached the jelling stage it will stop flowing from the spoon in a stream and will divide into two distinct drops which run together and leave the edge of the spoon in one large flake or sheet. Stop the cooking at this point.

To Fill Glasses

WASH the glasses, fill with warm water in a kettle and boil twenty minutes to sterilize them. When the jelly is ready, remove the glasses from the boiling water, drain them and place on a folded dish towel. Skim the jelly and pour directly into the glasses to within one-fourth inch of the top.

Remove any bubble which may form on the surface, then cover with a thin layer of hot paraffin. When cool cover with lids. Paste on labels. Store in a cool, dry place.

Spoilage

MOLD or fermentation in jelly often results from storage in a warm place. The best paraffin seal and tin friction-top lid are not adequate protection unless the jelly is kept cool and dry. Other causes of spoilage are failure to sterilize the glasses and imperfect sealing with paraffin.

For Jelly Recipes Turn to Page 53.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Day-long Baking Gives These Beans Their Delicious Flavor

They're on sale again . . . delicious B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans . . . the genuine New England baked beans, baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you extra-tempting flavor. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that keeps us from hurrying more of these Down East favorites your way. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Me.

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Try Hot Dan's quick, easy salad dressing. Beat until light and fluffy 4 tbsp. French's, 2 tbsp. each light cream or evaporated milk, sugar and vinegar; ¼ tsp. salt.



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June 11, 1944

Jelly Recipes

Ripe Sour Cherry Jelly

3 cups juice
4 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin
Use about two and one-half pounds of crushed (but not pitted) fully ripe cherries. Add one-half cup of water to make the juice as described before. Simmer covered ten minutes.

Measure the sugar and have ready.

When the juice is dripped, measure it into a three or four-quart kettle. Place over the hottest fire. Add the powdered pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until the mixture is boiling hard. At once pour in the sugar stirring constantly. Continue stirring until it is boiling hard again, and watch that it boils only one-half minute. Remove from the heat. Skim, pour quickly into sterile glasses. Paraffin the hot jelly at once. Makes seven medium glasses.

Ripe Red Raspberry Jelly

3½ cups prepared juice
4½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

Follow directions for extracting the juice and the general instructions in the preceding recipes. Use two and one-half quarts fully ripe raspberries. Makes eight medium glasses.

Other Berries

For blackberry, blueberry, boysenberry, dewberry, loganberry, youngberry and strawberry jelly, the rule is:

4 cups juice
7½ cups sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

Start with three quarts of fully ripe berries. Follow general directions for making the juice and finishing the jelly. Add the pectin when the sugar and juice are boiling hard, stirring constantly. Bring to boiling again for one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour into sterile glasses and cover at once with hot paraffin. Makes about eleven glasses (six fluid ounces each.)

Gooseberry Walnut Jam

WASH, stew and measure gooseberries. Add one-half cup water for each quart of berries. Boil until soft.

Add one cup sugar and two tablespoons chopped walnut meats for each cup of berries. Boil till thick. Pour at once into sterilized glasses or jars. Pour hot paraffin on at once. Use three-fourths cup of sugar for each cup of prepared fruit if the berries are very ripe; one cup if they are green gooseberries.

Good Bulletin

AND if you want a thorough, detailed booklet, containing complete information on jellies, jams and preserves, with good recipes included, send five cents for Farmers Bulletin No. 1800, to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

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The Week's Patterns



PATTERN 3694—Smart cap-sleeved summer frock. Sizes 14 to 20 and 22 to 42. Size 16, 27½ yards 35-inch fabric.

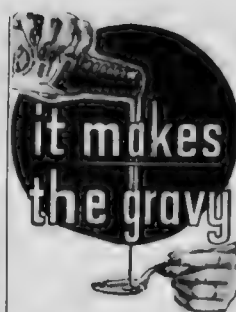
PATTERN 3695—Perkily ruffled pinup. Sizes 13 to 20. Size 16, 2½ yards 35-inch fabric.

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Jane Powell, singing in Charles R. Rogers production "Song of the Open Road" for United Artists

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PLASTIC WOOD

Mother!
DOES YOUR FINGER SUCK THUMBS? BITE NAILS?



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 33

For you... Softer, Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!



"My skin's so much softer, smoother—since I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," says this lovely bride, Mrs. Everett G. Grantham of Louisville, Kentucky. "I wouldn't be without fragrant Camay for my complexion care."



Tests by doctors prove Camay is Really Mild

Glorious! The softer, sweeter appeal—that comes to your skin with just one cake of Camay—when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing—when you go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions... on girls with skin like YOURS! And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the *first* cake of Camay.



So mild... it cleanses without irritation

These tests proved Camay's mildness... proved it can benefit the skin. "Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet brings such striking improvement to complexions. So get Camay tonight... and see how *one* cake can bring new, softer charm to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Simply cream Camay over face—forehead, nose, chin. Feel how this mild lather seems to soften your skin. Now—rinse warm. Give *oily skins* an extra C-O-L-D splash!

Simple, isn't it?—but see how Camay's mild care, night and morning, makes skin really glow! Your very *first* cake means lovelier skin!



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To the Bride!



Joy Thorpe Photo

Summer Wedding Dress of Net, Full-Skirted. Flowers, the Sparkle of Her Diamond, Add Joy to the Day.



a madonna headdress, with clusters of lily of the valley.

THE summer 1944 bride most probably will choose to be married in a traditional white gown, according to Wilma Allen, one of America's leading bridal consultants.

"I'm a die-hard on the importance of this kind of wedding," says Miss Allen, who has dressed more than 17,000 brides. "The men may fuss and say they don't want all the bother and rice throwing of a formal wedding; but deep in their hearts, they love the planning and pageantry, the realization of their dream of a bride in white."

Four types of wedding gowns are favorites this summer, this expert reveals: the tightly swathed midriff, the basque, the princess gown and the long forp dress. Both long and short sleeves are shown. The dropped shoulder line and the deeply scooped neckline are currently in favor.

Cottons Are Popular

COTTONS and sheers are popular for summer weddings. Fresh flowers and short American tulle veils are replacing the headdresses and long trains once thought necessary.

Budget weddings need not be a headache, says Wilma Allen. "We advise girls to select their clothes with these thoughts in mind—these things, choose fabrics for their serviceability (not forgetting drycleaning and laundering problems), use ingenuity in working with accessories combined with one or two suits."

The soft **lacy** (seen on the dress above) are satin, the dress cotton net, full skirted, with a high neck and form fitting bodice. The short puffed sleeves give a wide shoulder look. Her veil of a circular piece of tulle is called

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To the Flag

By BISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING, D. D.
Administrator of the Archdiocese of Boston

FLAG DAY. Every day is flag day, yet we have done well to dedicate one day as no other in the year is dedicated.

Many are the interpretations of the Red, White and Blue, but the whole has but one meaning: union. Union in itself is beautiful, but we do not live or die for a mere union; union is nothing without its purpose. Men are united in one State for the purpose of working their way back to the Heavenly Father Who made them. If there were no purpose beyond the State itself, the tragedy would be dark indeed. Where the divine purpose is clear, the man who fights lives a life of Flag Days, face to face with the things of the soul. And those that die, die well. For they go to death full of the love of life, knowingly sacrificing their will to the inscrutable goodness of God.

LET us also learn from them. For the sacrifice they are so plainly making in these days of the invasion is the same that underlies our own daily decisions. Every union involves sacrifice. Because our flag expresses the union of the United States, it expresses some sacrifice of sovereignty by every State—a sacrifice of liberty by every citizen. And the fruit of sacrifice is peace.

This is our consolation as the crosses are planted in foreign fields, and to family after family comes the word that one they loved has made the supreme sacrifice for flag and country. These loved ones have found their way home to their Heavenly Father and the fruit of their sacrifice will be peace.

Without the offering of these young lives, there could be no peace.

Our hearts to you, our country,
And take the pledge we give,
To love, to bear, to suffer,
To die that you may live;
And though beneath your banner
We fall, our names untold,
Thank God, if we have filled it
With service stars of gold.

Barbara, Count Fight to Decide Future of Son

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

FOR the second time in his brief and rather hectic young life, 9-year-old Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow, a little boy born to nobility and multimillions, finds himself a pawn in a bitter family quarrel.

The quarrel is between the beautiful blonde young mother, the former Barbara Hutton of "poor little rich girl" antecedents, now the life of the screen actor, Cary Grant, and his father, Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, scion of Danish near-royalty, who has recently renounced half a dozen names and titles to become an American citizen.

The Count has brought suit against his former beauty wife, seeking, according to good old European custom, control of the education and rearing of his young son, including his religious training.

The sturdy, blue-eyed little boy, under an order made by the High Court of Justice of England at the time of his parents' divorce in 1939, spends nine months a year with his new mother and new step-father, and three months' vacation time with his father and new wife, the former Margaret Astor Drayton.

BUT THE Count says this is unfair. During the nine months with his mother, the ex-Danish nobleman alleges, his son's training has been anything but conducive to preserving his filial affection and respect for his father.

The Count charges that little Lance has been exposed to "coarse and vulgar language" in the ultra-smart household of his former wife and the suave British film actor—language, he says, "calculated to undermine the love and affection of the son for his father."

The Count wants the right to choose a governess for the boy and have full supervision over his education, including his vocabulary. This, he declares, is a fatherly privilege which was guaranteed him when he and Barbara obtained what amounts to an international divorce back in 1939.

BARBARA had married the Count on the rebound from her divorce from Prince Alexis Mdivani, one of the marrying Mdivanis who always seemed to come up with wives either rich or famous or preferably both. And it was a quick rebound, because it took place in Reno, within 24 hours of her divorce from Mdivani and while the ink was hardly dry on the decree.

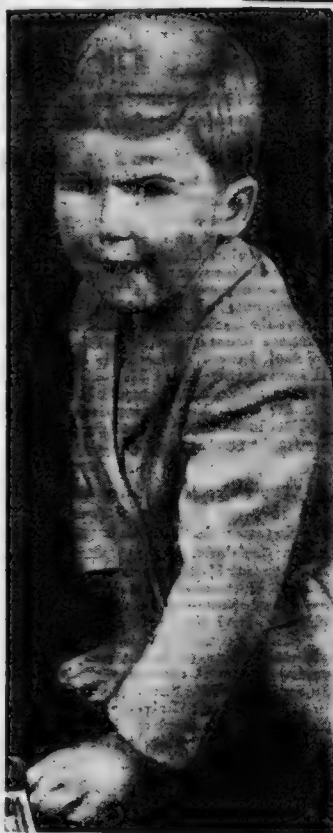
The Count whisked Barbara off to his ancestral castle in Denmark, where she renounced her American citizenship and became a Dane—an unfortunate step, as it turned out, which has taken her five years to undo. Only recently she regained her American citizenship.

Lance was born Feb. 24, 1936, and he nearly cost his young mother's life. His babyhood days were spent under the strict routine and supervision which, in those now vanished days of Europe's more arrogant aristocracy, marked the training and education of a young nobleman strictly the prerogative of his father. The role of the mother, according to the Count's family tradition, was definitely secondary.

Barbara had become a Dane by nationality, but the granddaughter of the late F. W.

Woolworth, who by sheer initiative parlayed a nickel and a dime into a \$40,000,000 fortune, had not let her American independence of spirit. In defiance of Danish law she dashed off with her son to London, rented a swank mansion in Mayfair, surrounded it with detectives, and swore out a warrant for the Count's arrest if he even set foot on her property.

Her marriage to the Danish nobleman had failed to survive a series of international and domestic disagreements, and at



last a divorce pact was reached with a lucrative financial settlement for the Count, in the good old European fashion of those days.

UNDER DANISH law both Barbara and the count were obliged to seek a divorce decree, and the papers were signed by no less a personage than King Christian of Denmark.

To make everything superfluous, another agreement was arranged in London, where a written separation agreement reached July 28, 1938, provided that Kurt should have his son



Pawn of another bitter court battle is 9-year-old Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow (left). Now his mother, the former Barbara Hutton (above), and his titled father are fighting for his custody.

three months a year, and on alternate years for six months. From his swank Mayfair surroundings, Barbara brought her young son back to this country, soon before the bombs of the first blitz had reduced much of Mayfair to a sorry rubble of ruins.

Count Kurt soon followed, somehow escaping the Nazi invasion which had reduced his country to slavery.

But then Barbara married Cary Grant, the British-born actor who, although he came of a famous English stage family—his real name was Archibald Leach—had come up the hard way to land eventually in the

upper social and professional brackets of Hollywood.

IRONICALLY, Grant had become an American citizen before Barbara, at the time of their marriage June 9, 1942, had regained her own citizenship. The mere fact of her marriage to a citizen, immigration authorities told her, would not automatically return her citizenship but would reduce the number of years necessary for completion of the action.

Grant was fresh from marital difficulties with his first wife, the beautiful and winsome Virginia Cherrill of the films, who had eventually divorced the actor on the grounds that he was "sullen."

Barbara and Cary Grant acquired a modest little mansion in Beverly Hills, and there young Lance spent most of his time, in his mother's custody. Hollywood friends of the couple declare that Cary has been the ideal stepfather; that he has made a companion and pal of the little boy, and that Lance responds with boyish hero-worship for the man who takes him fishing and boating and hiking, and who believes in bringing him up as a wholesome, democratic American boy.

After the past nine months of more or less carefree outdoor life with his mother and stepfather at the Beverly Hills estate, Lance was returned, as per august and solemn agreement with the ministries of justice of both Copenhagen and London, to the home of his father and a new stepmother in near-by Pasadena, at the Huntington hotel, for his allotted three months.

APPARENTLY something went wrong. The little boy obviously failed to show proper respect and regard for his father, because near the termination of his visit the count filed his suit against his ex-wife.

And now, with young Lance as the object and the victim, a new court battle looms. The count, who for all his newly acquired American citizenship appears to be a hold-over from the aristocratic and autocratic days of his own childhood and young manhood as a scion of Danish nobility, wants to bring up his son in his own way and according to his own principles.

And the boy's mother, who understands now, perhaps, the value of an American citizenship which she once tossed lightly aside, is determined to bring her son up, she says, in the American way of life, and according to her own standards.

It remains to be seen which will win out. And, meanwhile, little Lance, child of a disrupted home and marriage, can only wait until his way of life is decided for him.



Suit against his former wife, Babs Hutton, for control of rearing his young son has been filed by Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, shown above with his present wife, the former Margaret Astor Drayton.

D-Day Here—Saboteurs Now Peril U. S., FBI Chief Warns

By SYD BOEHM

SABOTEURS in our midst today present a serious threat to the nation's war effort, according to John Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"First," Hoover told this reporter in the Washington FBI headquarters, "there is the pro-Nazi enemy who is the deliberate saboteur, operating without direct orders from abroad, but suffering from a perverted sense of patriotism."

"The others, equally dangerous, come from the ranks of the disgruntled employees, practical jokers, thrill-seekers, mischievous youths, egotistical crackpots and careless citizens."

"Fortunately, thus far there has been no foreign-directed sabotage; no enemy underground."

"These other types of saboteurs keep hundreds of our agents constantly busy."

I told Hoover that Army and Navy intelligence officers have expressed fears of a concerted wave of sabotage now that D-Day has arrived.

"If the American worker continues to remain alert," said Hoover, "I do not think we need fear any greater wave than the one which we have met and beaten back."

TO ILLUSTRATE the types of saboteurs operating in our midst daily, Hoover produced recent FBI sabotage cases.

At Hoover's request, names used in these case histories are fictitious.

It was 1:45 a. m. A guard was making his rounds of the Back Shipbuilding Corp., on the West Coast, when he saw a man holding a lighted match and kneeling before a huge pile of lumber in a warehouse. He challenged the stranger, who drew a gun. The unarmed guard wrested the gun from him, but the saboteur escaped.

FBI agents found a truck driver who saw a stranger enter the warehouse shortly before the arson attempt. Highly inflammable oakum had been placed about the lumber. No other clues were found.

A check on personnel revealed Heinrich "Schroeder," hired only two months before. Shortly after being hired he had been arrested as a German alien, but escaped immigration custody three days before the arson attempt.

It was learned he had been a nautical storm trooper, a Nazi organization.

Agents found in his room Nazi insignia and several certificates of membership in Nazi organizations.

Schroeder was convicted of sabotage and sentenced to 30 years in a federal prison.

THE FBI records reveal that recently a sudden explosion wrecked a cast iron steam cylinder of a hoist used to transport men and ore in a shaft of a Kentucky mining firm engaged in war contracts. Repairs required four weeks.

An FBI checkup revealed that H. Owen Watkins, a miner, had been discharged two days before the explosion. Watkins produced three neighbors who swore he was at home when the blast occurred.

During hours of questioning, Watkins smashed his own alibi. He told of planting four sticks of dynamite in the hoist and touching them off. After the explosion, he returned home and slept until 8 a. m.

Watkins, sent to prison for a year and a day, admitted his motive was revenge against the superintendent who had dismissed him.

An epidemic of broken tool bits essential to plane production recently broke out at a southern airplane plant. They were difficult to replace.

An alert employee, engaged in drilling holes through wing panels, noticed that when he withdrew his drill, the bits on three occasions were broken. He peered over the side of the panel and saw Robert Williamson, 22, waiting for the drill

J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men, heads fight against sabotage.

to come through to his side with a new bit. William held a machinist's hammer in his hand.

G-MEN ESTABLISHED that these destructive acts had been wrought about by the youth's dislike for his job.

Williamson was sentenced to one year in prison and fined \$100.

A youth, Michael Bosco, 17, succeeded in wrecking six sub-chaser motors before G-men arrested him.

Federal agents found in all six of these motors foreign materials that came from the motor firm's supply room to which all employees had access. Investigation established that on the morning after the motors had been wrecked, Bosco had quit his job and announced he was going to join the Navy, but agents found him at home.

Questioning established that he was the saboteur. Born in Italy and living there until late in 1940, the youth had told his Philadelphia girl friends he had been sent here "as a spy." He showed the girls an Iron Cross which he said the



The science laboratory of the FBI plays a major role in trapping saboteurs. Here cellophane wrapped glass fragments found in a plane's hydraulic system are being studied by an FBI laboratory expert.

Nazi Gestapo had given him. Bosco was sentenced to three years in a reformatory.

Ralph Edgar, 43, employed by a vital war plant in the metropolitan area, deliberately loosened the cutting tool of his drill machine so his night shift successor, who had been outproducing him, would be slowed up.

The machine was damaged beyond repair and production was impaired. Edgar was sentenced to six months in prison.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy, employed by a mid-western firm where bouillon soup cubes were manufactured for the Army, stole a vital part from a machine and held it for ransom. He was trapped by G-men when he wrote to the firm's president and demanded \$1000 for its return. Replacement of the part was impossible in this country.

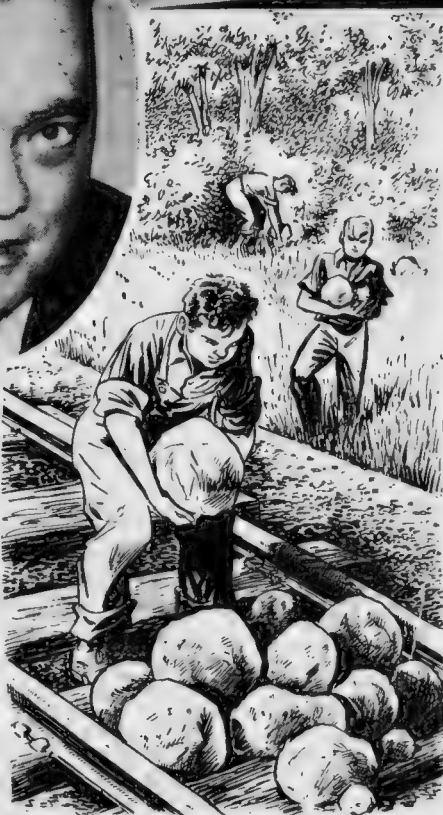
An eastern airplane company suddenly suffered an epidemic of faulty construction.

G-Men found dozens of planes damaged by breaking or bombing electric installations in the final stages of construction.

It developed that these planes passed company inspectors but were then found faulty by one particular naval inspector who had achieved the reputation of being very strict and always one to catch a defect.

Investigation and questioning by G-Men brought a confession that he had damaged more than 150 planes to win the reputation of being the best inspector and obtain promotion.

A federal judge sentenced him to two years in prison.



Mischievous sabotage, carried out by unthinking youngsters, derailed a troop train and caused the death of the fireman. Staff Artist Charles Schmidt illustrates manner in which three New York boys built barrier which threatened lives of many soldiers.

Real Dads in Reel Land Explode Hollywood Divorce Myth

By DAVID INGRAM

ECHOS of a Hollywood divorce are heard all around the world but the happy marriages in the film capital make no noise at all. Yet the fact is that Hollywood's divorce rate is considerably less than in many typical American cities.

The whole world over, Hollywood is supposed to be a great, pilled divorce mill with wives and husbands flying apart at the slightest provocation and no one ever having a quiet evening at home with the children.

The fact is that it simply isn't.

Hollywood's happily married couples never get into the news. They don't want to. Away from the studios, they live as quiet lives as any suburban family in Brookline or Newton.

Take, for instance, the Eddie Brackens. Eddie, his wife Connie, and their one-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Judith Ann, don't live in any California castle. They have a modest bungalow in Westwood Village, about five miles out of Hollywood, and they're busily engaged in saving their money.

In fact, Eddie became a freeter almost as soon as he was out of his cradle. He first saw Hollywood when he was two and a half, and at three he was a "has been" as an actor.

This came about in the following manner: Eddie was placidly attending Parochial School at Astoria, L. I., when a Hal Roach talent scout discovered the infant could sing.

Eddie arrived in Hollywood in the custody of a nurse and

every day because there wasn't money for carfare.

As a graybeard of 16, Eddie got several small jobs in minor Broadway shows and then decided there was more of a future in Hollywood. Having no money, he just started out to walk to the Coast, and so he did, with interludes of hopping freights and getting an occasional ride from friendly motorists. He solved the food problem by begging back door handouts.

And when he did get to Hollywood—none of the studios wanted him.

Back to New York went Eddie, and his harassed family decided it was high time he stopped trying to act.

THINGS became so bad that Eddie haunted a movie theater in Astoria, L. I., trying to get a place as usher. And they wouldn't give him one!

At this point, the tide turned with a rush. A somewhat startled Eddie found himself playing on Broadway in "Brother Rat" and making a living. Then it was Henry Aldrich in "What a Life" and he was back in the theater for good.

Oddly enough, Eddie's romance began in Boston where



Living quietly, even in Hollywood, has made Eddie Bracken's marriage a success. The star, his wife, Connie, and daughter, Judith Ann, watch their dog "Dizzy" balance a biscuit on his nose.



Among filmland's happiest families are the Andy Devines, shown outside their Van Nuys ranch house. Left to right, Tad, Andy, Mrs. Devine and Denny.

forthwith found himself in the "Our Gang" comedies. He lasted as an infant phenomenon for just six months and then was tossed out of the movies, unbanned and unsung, at the mature age of three.

UNDAUNTED, the film veteran became a soprano soloist in a school play and was much in demand to sing "another song" in small entertainments in and about Brooklyn.

An old man of nine, he played leads in half a dozen talkies with all juvenile casts, and the movie company promptly went broke.

Whereupon, Eddie joined the Professional Children's School in New York and used to walk over the Queensboro bridge and back



Another of Hollywood's "solid citizens" is Robert Young, holding 4-months-old Betty Lou, while Mrs. Young, Barbara Queen, 6, and Carol Anne, 10, look on. Their home life is typically American.



Tough guy on screen but a swell dad at home is John Garfield. Helping with the dishes is his daughter, Katherine, who is 5.

pretty Connie Nickerson was his leading lady. Eddie and Connie sat in the Public Garden, fed the pigeons on the Common and went to the movies together in their spare time.

Mr. and Mrs. Bracken, trouper both, now live in a little bungalow with a small daughter with two Dalmatian puppies frolicking about. As for Hollywood night life, they don't know it exists.

If you don't think the Brackens are a typical stage-screen family, try the John Garfields and their two children, David, 9, and Katherine, 5.

The Garfields are so inconspicuous in Hollywood that you can hardly find them. They rent their modest house and, at the moment, are worried about where they will live, because the

owner wants his house again and, besides, John is listed 1-A in the draft and may be called up at any minute.

John was brought up on the sidewalks of New York on the old East Side and his parents were bitterly poor. In fact, for a few years, he was a typical "Dead End Kid" and he was growing up to be a thoroughly tough guy when fate propelled him into the Angelo Patri School.

Mr. Patri's influence must have been good, for John gave up being tough and acquired the ambition to be an actor. He worked hard at his trade and soon was making an impression in such plays as "Waiting for Lefty" and "Awake and Sing."

Then, as often happens, the studio suddenly realized it had a real star on its hands.

John was unimpressed. He just wanted to live quietly with his lovely wife, make a little money, and give his children the opportunities he'd never had. And that is exactly what he's doing.

As contented a Hollywood couple are the Andy Devines, who live on a five-acre ranch out in near-by Van Nuys.

ANDY and his wife, Dorothy, who is called "Doggie" by everyone in town, believe in the simple and self-sustaining life.

Andy, "Doggie" and the two children, Tad, 9, and Denny, 5, do all the work they can, themselves, though it takes some hired help to care for the five acres.

The raucous voiced comedian is never seen in Hollywood night life circles.

Another family no one ever hears of is that of Robert Young.

Robert insists that off the screen he is Mr. Average Man. "I'm old normalcy himself," says he. "I have a wife named Betty Henderson. She's pretty and Irish. And I have three daughters, Carol Ann, 10; Barbara Queen, 6, and the baby, Betty Lou. I don't go to night clubs. I just go home and smoke my pipe."

So, you see, it's the old story. The happily married families of Hollywood—and there are hundreds of them—have no history. They never appear in the headlines and no one ever hears of them.

But there they are, solid, quiet—almost commonplace American citizens engaged as most Americans always have been, in saving a little money and bringing up the children in the way they should go.

"DO YOU know where my mother went, Art? I haven't seen her around all afternoon."

Harold J. Simons, a farmer and justice of the peace, put the question to Arthur Decker, 19-year-old farmhand, employed by his mother, Mrs. Beulah Simons, 61, at her place in the rural community of Ancram, Columbia County, N. Y. Simons, his wife, Ruth, and their son, Sherwood, 16, lived in a house about 500 feet from Beulah's home. The time was the late afternoon of Nov. 15, 1934.

"She got into a car with a couple of women," young Decker, a not over-bright native of nearby Gallatin, replied. "She told me she was going to visit her brother in Milford."

This was a logical enough explanation, for Mrs. Simons frequently visited her brother, William H. Ostrom, Milfordton is in Dutchess County, but only a short distance from Ancram, which lies about 20 miles in a southeasterly direction from Hudson.

SIMONS returned to his own home, his mind set at rest. But that night he still saw no sign of his mother.

The next morning he went over there again.

"Hasn't my mother come back?" he asked Decker.

The youth shook his head. "She musta stayed overnight at her brother's place," he said.

Simons began to look around the snow-covered barnyard.

"Sav, look here!" he suddenly exclaimed, and with that he picked up his mother's spectacles, which had been lying near the woodpile. That struck him as an odd circumstance, since his mother never went anywhere without her glasses.

Then he saw the footprints of a man leading toward the strawstack. He noticed the snow had been kicked around the stack. He pried the straw, and in a few seconds had uncovered the body of his mother. There was a gaping hole on the side of her head over the right eye.

SOON OFFICIALS were at the scene—Sgt. L. J. Eggleston of the State Police, Coroner Clifford Leggett and Sheriff Milton V. Saulpaugh. District Attorney Christiana, too, appeared, as well as the "big fellows" from the State Police—Inspector E. O. Hageman, Lieut. Hervey Koater, and Trooper Fred Knight of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation.

A wide manhunt immediately got under way, but the investigation bounced right back to the Simons farm when a routine police check showed that Mrs. Simons had never reached her brother's home. Three hours after the body was found, Coroner Leggett announced: "Arthur Decker has just made a statement in which he admitted killing Mrs. Simons by striking her over the head with an axe."

The motive? "Well," he said, "Decker claims that Mrs. Simons has been riding him about his work for the past two weeks and it got on his nerves."

They had words while standing near the woodpile, according to the coroner, and Art immediately hit her with the axe. After that he got a wheelbarrow out of the barn, placed the body in it and wheeled it to the strawstack. After concealing her in the stack, he resumed his work about the farm.

That was at about 2:30 p. m., Nov. 15.

Later, Coroner Leggett continued, Decker became worried over the chickens not being fed. The coop was locked and the key was in Mrs. Simons' dress pocket. Accordingly, he returned to the stack, rolled the body over and got the key, after which he fed the chickens.

That evening he ate a hearty supper, listened to the radio, then wandered over to the village store. The next morning he arose at his usual time, and resumed his work, his chores keep-

THE BODY In the Strawstack

By PETER LEVINS

ing him within 20 or 30 feet of his employer's corpse.

DECKER was taken to the courthouse in Hudson and again questioned. The authorities said that he signed a complete confession. On the same day he was taken before Justice of the Peace N. P. Holmes in Ancram, and pleaded not guilty to a charge of first degree murder.

The murder slipped into the file of "solved cases," and the people of Columbia settled back to await the routine trial.

But on the following Sunday,

thorities gave out a statement by Decker in which he asserted he had discussed the murder with Ruth Simons on at least three different occasions, and after the killing he talked with her again.

"THE FIRST talk I had with Ruth Simons," he stated, "was at her house. She said, 'If there is any way to get rid of her you can think of, it would be the best thing to do.' She said, 'Do you think a stick is strong enough to kill her?' and I said, 'I don't know but we will have to take our chances.'"

I said, 'I think we ought to depend on something stronger.' At the time to do it, I thought of the axe."

The second time I talked with her was to the best of my recollection Thursday morning of last week when I was down at her house outdoors. She came out of the house and said, 'Have you figured how you are going to kill Beulah Simons?' and I said, 'We could use a piece of stick.' She said, 'Do you think a piece of wood will be strong enough?' and I said, 'I don't know.' I said, 'A stick of wood don't seem strong enough unless you give an awful rap. If I could only have something stronger.'"

"The third time I had a talk with Ruth Simons was Sunday morning about 9 o'clock. Sherwood was out doing something with his car, and we figured out then that we were going to kill her with an axe and Ruth Simons thought to put her in the haymow. I said, 'It would be easier for me to put her under the straw and cover her up good.'"

I also had a talk with Ruth Simons on Monday evening, Nov. 13, after the death of Beulah Simons. At that time Ruth Simons asked me if Beulah Simons was dead, and she asked me where I had put her, in the haymow? I said, 'No, I put her in the straw. I could not get her into the mow.' She said, 'You had better go up there tonight and see if she is covered up good. Take a shovel or something to cover your tracks.'"

"I told her I had been up there about a quarter to seven to get the keys which I had forgotten to get, and that I had covered her up pretty good at that time."

"Lies, lies, lies," commented Attorney Herzberg.

DIST-ATTY. CHRISTIANA said that Decker had been questioned again two days before Ruth Simons' arrest. In this session, BCI Supt. William Flusbacker of the State Police had taken an important part. Christiana said that Decker repeatedly accused Ruth Simons of instigating the murder.

On the day before Christiana's startling announcement, Mrs. Si-

mons had been asked to call at the D. A.'s office, she had come accompanied by her husband. When she learned what she was there for, she demanded a lawyer, asking for Herzberg. The defense later insisted that she was denied a lawyer on at least three occasions.

Later that night, the prosecution formally charged her with first degree murder and arraigned her before Justice of the Peace Holmes. She immediately pleaded not guilty, and the case was adjourned for several days. Then a blizzard isolated Ancram from Hudson, and Christina and Herzberg stipulated that the case go to the grand jury without formally waiving it before Justice Holmes.

AS THE farmhand's testimony before a court would be worthless without sufficient corroboration, Christiana also filed an affidavit signed by Sgt. Flusbacker which said that Mrs. Simons had admitted knowing the murder was committed, but failed to tell anyone about it.

Supreme Court Justice Harry E. Schurick assigned Lewis E. McNamee of Hudson and John J. Scully of Rensselaer to defend Decker.

Herzberg, brought in his former law partner, Hudson Corporation Counsel Kenneth R. Garrison, to assist him, while Christiana retained Joseph J. Carey, former assistant district attorney of Albany County, who had been instrumental in sending Mrs. Anna Antonio of Albany to the electric chair several years ago for the murder of her husband.

THE battle lines were drawn and the people awaited developments with intense interest. Attorney Herzberg opened the defense attack when he argued before Justice Schurick that the indicting grand jury was illegally constituted in that the jury list did not contain the name of one woman. He claimed that his client was deprived of equal protection of the law under the constitution.

Judge Schurick denied the motion to quash the indictment, but Herzberg had the testimony on the record nevertheless, should he need it in an appeal.

Mrs. Simons continued to protest her innocence. Once confronted by Decker in the county jail, she said to him, "You are lying and you know it." There was no reply from him. The defense held that she had been submitted to a mild form of third degree, that she had been denied counsel, that she had been questioned for hours at a time without food or rest, and that she had been taken from the county jail for questioning, which is contrary to law.

On March 6, 1941, Supreme Court Justice Francis Bergan opened the March term of Supreme Court at Hudson. The regular routine business was transacted, then Arthur Decker, dressed in the same clothes he wore on the day of his arrest, walked into the courtroom, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff.

His attorneys, with the consent of District Attorney Christiana, informed the Court that Decker was ready to plead guilty to murder in the second degree. Justice Bergan accepted the plea and deferred sentence.

TWO DAYS later, the April grand jury filed into the courtroom and reported another first degree indictment against Ruth Simons. The previous indictment, voted by the November grand jury, was dismissed. Officials called the second one a superseding indictment, but this was never explained in detail.

On March 14, Mrs. Simons went on trial.

Legal authorities in the county agreed that it would be a case of "freedom or else." That is, there could be no verdict of second degree murder or some

Continued on Page 14



Principal suspect in the murder of Mrs. Beulah Simons was Albert Decker, 19. He told an involved story involving another.

Nov. 21, Dist. Atty. Christiana dropped a bombshell by announcing that Mrs. Ruth Weaver Simons, 39, daughter-in-law of the victim, had been arrested on a first degree murder charge. She had been accused of "enticing, inducing and inveigling" Arthur Decker to murder Mrs. Beulah Simons.

This was electrifying news. Ruth Simons was known to practically everyone in the county.

Justice Simons declared at once that his wife was innocent and he intended to stand by her.

The Simonses engaged R. Monell Herzberg, Hudson attorney, whose reputation as a criminal lawyer is that territory is unchallenged. Meanwhile, the au-



Case against Mrs. Ruth Simons, the victim's daughter-in-law, caused a sensation in Ancram. Here she is shown with her husband, Justice Harold J. Simons.

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THE GENERALS RISE AT DAWN

Yank Chiefs Found Charming, Able

Ride in Troop Carrier Thrill of Lifetime

By LORELLE HEARST

National Correspondent, N. Y. Journal-American

A COLONEL and Capt. Luther Davis called for me at a very early hour and then we drove out to the headquarters of the Ninth Troop Carrier Command. There I met one of the most charming and obviously capable men in the Army, General Williams.

He is an extremely large man with a beautiful head of white hair. My short visit with him was like champagne even though I am never very friendly so early in the morning.

The drive out to Gen. Williams' headquarters was most pleasant, thanks to the colonel.

He is always laughing to himself like a man who has a little private joke of his own. He has sandy-colored hair and is sort of stocky in build.

AS WE DROVE along he confided to me that he has become very expert doing his own laundry and cooking porridge. (We call it oatmeal at home.)

I asked him if he had told his wife about this and he said, "Good heavens, no." He doesn't want to find himself cooking or washing when he goes home.

After our chat with Gen. Williams, we were put aboard an Army plane which was to take us to the paratroopers' home base.

The plane was a C-47, the same plane we had on commercial airlines before the war.

Equipped to carry parachute troops, it had the famous bucket seats, which rather surprised me as I had always been under the impression they were literally buckets. Instead, they are just like the seats in street cars in the small town I came from—in a solid piece along each side of the plane.

Along the ceiling of the plane there was a long, heavy cable which is for the paratroops. When they get ready to jump, they attach something called the static line to the cable, and then when they jump out, the chute opens automatically without their having to pull the ripcord.

MAJ. HUGH SINCLAIR, who is public relations officer for the Ninth Troop Carrier Command, disappeared in the front of the plane and then came back and told me I could go forward and sit in the co-pilot's seat.

That was quite a thrill for me as I am still extremely wide-eyed about all this. It was the

first time I had been allowed to touch the controls of an airplane since before the war.

The countryside beneath me was like an old-fashioned patchwork quilt.

When one sees the countryside in England you know why the Englishman loves his country. Above us, the sky was alive with daylight American bombers getting into formation to bomb Germany or some place in Europe.

They were flying around like a flock of birds—hundreds of them as it takes quite a long time for them to get into formation before they can really start on their mission.

WE MADE A tour of the field and saw an American Red Cross mobile canteen serving the most wonderful coffee and doughnuts in the world to the men and it was good to taste American coffee again.

At this base they have several dogs as pets, which isn't exactly encouraged by the Army, but no one does anything to stop it.

There is one very funny pet, a cat which has become air-conscious. When a plane flies overhead she cocks her head to one side, listens and I am sure that if she could talk she would tell you what kind of plane it is.

Luther Davis and I walked around to the hangars to talk to the G.I.'s and found one flat on his back sewing like mad on the tail of a glider.

He had a very fancy stitch and I asked him what kind it was.

"Baseball stitch," he said. Like the colonel, he doesn't intend to let anyone back home know that he is sewing in the Army, which is too bad, as he was doing a wonderful piece of patchwork.

I should like to add that they have baby blue toilet paper on this base. I was very envious.

GIRLS, if you want to know where your nylon stockings are I can tell you that they are being used to make tow ropes for gliders—the ropes that attach them to the planes that pull them.

Each rope takes enough nylon



Mrs. Lorelle Hearst, wife of William Randolph Hearst, Junior, publisher of the New York Journal-American.

to make thousands and thousands of stockings, so don't complain any more when you can't get nylons. They are very important here.

My big thrill came when the general asked me if I wanted to go up in a glider. Again I was put in the co-pilot's seat where I could see everything.

You can't imagine how difficult it is to fly a glider until you have watched how hard the pilot has to work.

It was unbelievable how much attention and strength our pilot—a tall, blond, curly-headed boy named Flight Officer Toland put into handling his ship.

AS I WATCHED him his jaws were clamped tight together and the strength he was drawing on in his arms and hands was fantastic. It was very warm and his forehead was covered with large beads of perspiration.

I was dying to ask a million questions but it was obvious he had no time to answer.

When the plane ahead turned us loose and we started to nose into the field all kinds of thoughts ran through my mind, mostly because we were heading straight down.

I didn't see how we could ever pull out of this dive soon

enough to land but we did and beautifully, too.

We set down on the field so smoothly and easily I didn't feel a thing.

AFTER WE got out of the glider, I asked Flight Officer Toland if it was always so hard.

He laughed and said it was just that his ship was a little nose-heavy which worried him some because, nodding to the general and several colonels, he had a "very expensive load."

I learned that the parachutes are all different colors. The reason for this is to distinguish different articles they carry.

Incidentally, if you are short of silk it should help to know that silk chutes are used only for personnel. Lightweight cotton is used for supplies.

If you can believe it, this all took place in one day.

NEXT MORNING I was up at dawn again and then I was taken over to a night troop carrier command base where they train paratroopers for all kinds of special jobs.

It was very picturesque and yet here was so much activity we were taken into the office in a Nissen hut.

While we were waiting, I heard the good, old middlewestern accent in the next room.

My curiosity began to work about what type would go with this voice and in a few minutes he came in.

He was Major James Blair, Jr., of Jefferson, Mo.

I think he is Irish. Anyway he looked it.

WHAT A GUY. He calls a snake a snake and is the most honest personality I've ever met. He doesn't waste anyone's time and gets things done in a jiffy.

I'll bet they miss that man back in Missouri.

He arranged for us to have lunch in the mess hall with their commanding officer who to the men on the base is the greatest guy in the world.

His name is Lieut.-Col. Joel L. Crouch, and you are going to hear a great deal more about him because he is terrific.

He flew for United Air Lines on the West Coast before the war and is absolutely tops in his job.

He is very young, blond and stocky—a hero to his men, and his men are all heroes to him.

I asked him if I could make parachute jump and he said I

could; but my friend Capt. Luther Davis wouldn't hear of it.

GIRLS, if you want to know where all the good-looking boys are, I can tell you. They are in the paratroops.

Movie scouts would have a field day there.

One of the parachute outfits has a brigadier-general as deputy commander.

He is a long, lanky, shy young man, has a good sense of humor and is so pleasant that everyone calls him Gen. Tim, even to his face.

HE HAD ON a suit that looked very much like the one piece pajamas we wore as children except that it was covered with grease.

He apologized to me for his attire at lunch but said he had to try it out before he ordered his men to wear it.

The General had his picture taken with me and nearly died of embarrassment.

Incidentally, I have been photographed with so many generals in the last few days that I am beginning to feel like our Eleanor.

THE MESS hall in which we lunched is a large building which would be very bare and dull but for the fact that they have an interior decorator.

His name is Prescott and you have probably seen his sketches in Harper's Bazaar.

Often every window has a sketch with a story behind it about the things that have happened to them.

We could have remained there for days, there was so much to see, but it was time to leave and we hated to go.

It is a real place to be and when I said goodbye to everybody I felt sad because I know all these swell boys are going to have a tough job to do.

WE FLEW back in the plane that belongs to a general. I felt especially flattered at having the privilege of riding in his plane. He told me he loved that plane so much that he wouldn't trade it for the newest one on earth.

The colonel who flew us down has 3,200 flying hours and that is a very long time to have spent in the air.

He is very good, needless to say. As we were flying down, we flew under hundreds of planes with gliders attached to them. Their formation was like a bridge reaching from one end of the world to the other.

British War Relief Lunch

ONE OF the week's important events takes place Wednesday at noon, when the British War Relief Society holds its closing luncheon of the season in the Copley-Plaza ballroom.

Owing to the recent military developments in England, Squadron Leader W. Foxburgh, an attaché with the British Embassy, will be unable to attend, but the FWRS has been most fortunate in securing Col. C. E. A. Browning of the British Army staff, whose military record includes most of the campaigns of the war in Europe and the evacuation of Dunkirk. Having just arrived in this country from England, Col. Browning is especially qualified to discuss the latest developments of the invasion.

Another distinguished speaker will be Lieut.-Comdr. Nicholas Monsarrat, RNR, commander of a royal navy frigate who has

seen much service with Atlantic convoys and is also an author of considerable note. Thrilling incidents from the motion picture "Corvette K-223" are to be shown, and it will be recalled that this was filmed from the famous book "H. M. Corvette," written by Lieut.-Comdr. Monsarrat and based on personal experiences.

Among the members of the workshop division attending will be Mrs. William Endicott, Mrs. John S. Ames, Mrs. William T. Aldrich, Mrs. J. L. Stackpole, Mrs. James A. Harris, Mrs. Reginald Standenwick and Miss Alice P. Chase.

Additional reservations from the uptown branch include Mrs. Robert F. Herrick, Mrs. Henry Jackson, Mrs. Kenneth Gilmore and Mrs. James Furman.



PHYLLIS ELIZABETH ALBRECHT's engagement to Earle W. Richardson, chief petty officer, USNR, of Cleveland, O., is announced by her mother, Mrs. Adelaide B. Albrecht of Dorchester.

'Invitation Cruise'

MRS. BREWER BLACKALL has planned another long week-end "Invitation Cruise" (the 8th, to be exact) for the benefit of the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

The gala happening is set for Thursday, June 22, when the "cruisers" board the 8 o'clock train at the South Station, bound for Woods Hole, and upon arrival there, they will set sail aboard the Nantucket steamer for a long week-end on the picturesque island, reaching the home port the following Monday evening. Robert H. Cook is assisting Mrs. Blackall with plans for the benefit party.

Because of the paper shortage, invitations are not being mailed out to the usual long list, but there will undoubtedly be some unbooked reservations, which may be secured by getting in touch with Mrs. Blackall at 17 Canton ave., Milton.

Boston College Night at Pops

NEXT WEDNESDAY'S special night at the "Pops" will be for the Jesuit Missions and Boston College.

Among those for whom reservations have been made are Mr. and Mrs. Cyril O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Cunningham, Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas King, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ilfeld, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Kirkham, Miss Louise Fitzgerald, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McHugh, Mr. and Mrs. Michael F. McGrath, Miss Elizabeth Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Flynn and Mr. and Mrs. William J. Quinn.

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

MRS. ROBERT STANTON, OUTGOING PRESIDENT, and Mary Welch, chairman of the day, were on hand to receive arriving guests at the Cecilia Guild luncheon at the Puritan, one of the very nicest social doings of the week just over.

Mrs. Stanton . . . who departed on Thursday for her summer spot down in Harwichport . . . topped her black moire suit with a large pink-dotted veiled off-the-face black hat . . . luscious orchids with Mary Welch's Quaker gray linen frock and tilted white chapeau. Mrs. C. A. Crowley . . . Cecilia's new pretty . . . wore a tiny flowered hat . . . tiny black velvet trimmed white straw above Mrs. Melvin Breath's gray outfit (she's the new first vice-president).

Mrs. Frank O'Donnell . . . always the essence of chic . . . topped her smooth gold shantung suit with a most becoming little brown bit of millinery adorned with vari-colored roses. Her luncheon guests included Mrs. Edward MacCourt, flaring black hat with her black and white poplin print . . . Mrs. James Fisher, smartly outfitted in navy and white jacket print, narrow velvet ribbon bows on her straw sailor . . . and Mrs. Francis T. Jantzen, white chapeau above her summery print suit.

Mrs. William A. McCarthy . . . Ace of Clubs president . . . adorable pink rose hat with her pink dotted navy crepe two-piece . . . was Mrs. Thomas Keating's luncheon guest . . . the latter, extremely attractive in apple green suit and white chapeau . . . veiled white hat with Mrs. Frank Carolan's sky blue print . . . Mrs. Thomas J. Kelly, in red and white checked sheer, spray of wild flowers in her dark hair . . . white off-the-face hat with Mrs. John F. Fitzgerald, Jr.'s green and white print.

Also glimpsed Mrs. Frank Lane, Mrs. William Kane, Mrs. John Murray and her daughter, Mrs. Leo Fitzgerald, Mrs. John Donahue, Mrs. Frank J. Burns, Mrs. Frank Harrington, Mrs. Joseph Fallon, Mrs. William Carleton Finn and Mrs. Raymond O'Shea.

SNAPS SHOTS—Constance Dexter . . . Mrs. William Dexter's popular post-deb . . . strolling along Marlborough street . . . brown velvet bow at the side of her curly bob . . . brown buttons marching down the back of her brown and white pin check frock . . . Mrs. Lyon Weyburn leaving the Junior League . . . black brimmed straw with her dark ensemble . . . post-deb Eleanor McClurg dancing with Richard Cotter in the Copley-Plaza's Oval Room . . . Mrs. Paul Bertelsen and daughter, Nancy, at the Wilbur, Mrs. B. extremely smart in short mink cape and dark dinner gown . . .



NO DEFINITE wedding plans have been made by Lieut. Mary Margaret Lewis, ANC, whose engagement to Capt. Charles E. Berry, U. S. Army, is announced by her mother, Mrs. Wilson Lewis of Cambridge. Both are serving overseas in the Yale Unit.

Nancy's shimmering black satin suit topped by an amazing head-covering, a wee circle of black crocheted, from which dangled a frill of wide black lace, lace mitts with this intriguing outfit. Nancy . . . who now wears her dark hair in a sleek snooded coiffure . . . wintered over in New York, and is now going to summer on the North Shore, where she will manage the Academie Moderne.

ANOTHER GALA night at the Pops on Thursday, when the entire floor of Symphony Hall has been taken over by the Boston unit, Women's Overseas Service League to benefit war relief work of the organization.

Helen F. McCaffrey chairmans the ticket committee and among those for whom tables have been reserved are Dr. and Mrs. William E. Chisney, Irene Haworth, president of the unit; Christopher Haworth, Mrs. E. H. Osgood, Dr. and Mrs. Russell Sheldon, Elsie Karlson, Lieut. William H. Taylor, Jr., USNR, Evelyn Cunningham, Mrs. Walter Haines, Louise Hawkes, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Fagan, Mrs. Lara Summers, Helen Sealov, Mrs. Larz Anderson, Jean Bryce, Dr. S. F. Marshall, Dorothy Tarbox, Mrs. John W. Totten, Dr. and Mrs. Somers Fraser, Ethel Ward Daugherty, Elizabeth Hawkes, Blanche Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Messinger, Maria Durling, Mrs. William Pease O'Brien, William Bradford Osgood, Emma Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Jantzen, Sally Grady, Mr. and Mrs. David Foley, Henrietta Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Perry, Mr. and Mrs. John C. O'Neil.

ARRIVING HERE late in June to be house guest of Sue Coolidge, her classmate at University of Colorado, will be Ann Wilmarth of El Paso, Tex.

Claire DeConto Becomes Engaged

DOUBLE congratulations to Lieut. (jg) George P. Trodella, USNR . . . first on his engagement to attractive, dark-eyed Claire Marie DeConto, which is being formally announced today by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard DeConto of West Medford . . . secondly on his birthday, which he is celebrating today somewhere overseas.

The bride-elect was graduated from Lasell Junior College and is now a member of the senior class at Boston University. Lieut. Trodella . . . son of Mr. and Mrs. Pellegrino Trodella of Somerville . . . was graduated from Tufts College and Tufts Medical School.



CLAIRE MARIE DeCONTO, whose engagement to Lieut. (jg) George P. Trodella, USNR, is announced today by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard DeConto of West Medford.

NAN SAWYER

Jordan's Shops

It's "Father's Day"
All day - June 18th!

But—on many of Father's days off he'll bless you if you give him any or all of these sun togs!

He'll find this genuine little beach shirt mighty comfortable! In small, medium, large sizes. \$2.25.

He'll like the trim, athletic look these "boxer" swim trunks give him—they're in rayon poplin—with rayon satin back—some styles with elastic—some plain—\$3.95.

Let him loaf around in these spun rayon and linen Walking Shorts—natural only—sizes 32 to 40. \$5.

After work or week-ends he'll slip on this short sleeve sports shirt—it's in rayon poplin—white, natural, cocoa—small, medium, large sizes, \$5.

The gay California sports shirt—made very popular by a certain movie star—is in rayon jersey. He'll like the bright Navajo print. Pull-over style—short sleeves—smart in several different designs, \$5.95.

The sleeveless all wool sweater is just what he wants! In green, blue, tan—small, medium, large sizes, \$5.

You'll find all these in JORDAN'S STORE FOR MEN—FIRST FLOOR.

See these
on the
Street floor

at the
Jordan Marsh
Company

—Store for Men



Wedding Bells Tuesday For Lee Withington

By ALICE WILLIAMS

VIVACIOUS BLUE-EYED LEE WITHINGTON... one of our outstanding young socialites... is slated to become the bride of Lieut. Harry Hornblower Atkins (who is expected to arrive today via plane from his station at Ft. Knox, Ky.) on Tuesday in St. Paul's Church, Brookline.

Bishop Henry Knox Sherwell and Dr. Frederick Lawrence, rector of St. Paul's... will officiate at the 4 o'clock ceremony, ensuing reception at the Brookline residence of the bride-elect's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop Withington.

Lee... escorted by her dad... will be preceded altarward

the list is not quite definite, due to furlough luck, of course.

LOTS OF entertaining in honor of Lee... This evening, Betty Millar is giving a party for the bridesmaids at her Jamaica Plain home... Tomorrow afternoon there's to be a picnic at the Chestnut Hill estate of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman L. Whipple, and Mrs. D. Whipple Fry is to be the luncheon hostess for the entire bridal party on the wedding day.

Tuesday's bride... one of our most popular young smart setters... debuted with the 1942-43 bud flock and was elected to the Junior League and Vincent Club during her presentation season. She attended Beaver Country Day, was graduated from Beinner-May, and has been attending Boston's Nursery Training School.

Lieut. Atkins... son of Mrs. Chester Noyes Greenough of Belmont... attended Belmont School, graduated from Milton Academy and attended Yale with the class of '45, until joining the armed forces. He belongs to the Fence Club, Wolf's Head and Elizabethan Club.

AND NOW news of another charming bride-elect, Muriel Frances Schmidt, daughter of the Charles Schmidts of Winthrop, who has chosen June's final Saturday for her marriage to Henry Martin Toczylowski, of Lynn, former Boston College football star.

Mrs. Richard J. Quinlan will officiate at the 10 o'clock nuptial mass in St. John the Evangelist Church, Winthrop, followed by a reception at Longwood Towers, Brookline.

Mrs. William N. Egan, whose small son, Charles, is to serve as ring bearer, is to be matron of honor for her niece, and Anne Toczylowski will be honor maid for her future sister-in-law. The bridesmaid group includes Dorothy Donohue, Betty Lehr, Virginia Ingersoll and Marguerite McCabe.

Walter Dubzinski, Boston College classmate of the prospective bridegroom, is to be best man, and doing usher duty at the Toczylowski-Schmidt wedding will be Bedon Ely, Stanley Warden, Alfred Drutz, Francis Flynn and Edward Garski.



MRS. FRANK O'DONNELL of Needham and North Scituate... one of our most charming smart setters... takes active part in all the important social happenings.

by an elaborate entourage, including a ring bearer (her three-year-old brother, Nathan) two honor attendants and a flock of bridesmaids. Mrs. Spencer Hatch Brewster... the former Marietta Withington... and debutante Anne "Fanny" Withington, will be matron of honor and honor maid for their sister.

Also serving the bride on her wedding day will be her cousins, Maggie and Sylvia Fry, Mrs. Alfred R. Meyer, Jr. (Dorothea Fry) and Margaret Louise Whipple; Mrs. Lothrop Withington, Jr. (her sister-in-law) Lynn Brewster, Betty Millar and Elizabeth Frapp of Bronxville, N. Y.

Lieut. Elisha Atkins, USMC, is to be his brother's best man and there will be a large usher staff, but even at this late date

Play suit with
Dimple skirt!
red, blue, brown
stripes on white cotton

\$5.98
at
Leeds

35 Winter St.



TWO OF THE season's glamorous blonde debutantes, Barbara Mitchell and Virginia Brown, snapped by the ever-present cameraman as they arrived at the Junior League, Zero Marlborough st., to attend the annual tea for Provisional members of the exclusive organization. Barbara is the daughter of the Emyln Vinald Mitchells, Newton, and Virginia's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gilbert Brown of Chestnut Hill.

Engaged

Mrs. Wilson Lewis of Cambridge, announces the engagement of her daughter, Lieut. Mary Margaret Lewis, ANC, to Capt. Charles E. Berry, U. S. Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Berry of Holliston.

No wedding plans as yet for the newly engaged couple, who have both been serving overseas for the past 20 months with the Yale Unit.

Lieut. Lewis is a graduate of St. Mary's High School and the Cambridge Hospital. Capt. Berry was graduated from Boston College, class of '35.

MRS. LOTHROP REYNOLDS and her daughter, Nancy, departed on Thursday for Chicago, where they will visit friends before journeying out to the West Coast, where Lieut. Reynolds is stationed.

I know my furs
are safe when
I store them at
Lamson & Hubbard



Play safe with your
precious furs

Send them to Lamson & Hubbard
While there is still room in our Cold
Dry Vault

Have your Furs Hollandized
by us, makes them look lovelier...
last longer—Hollandizing recondi-
tiones your furs.

Lamson & Hubbard

BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON ST.
Subway to Door Open Wed. Till 9 P. M.
Call Ken. 6350 for Bonded Messenger

'Bundles' Benefit

A BRILLIANT array of leading lights in the social world will trip to the Ritz Roof opening Thursday evening, and at the same time aid Bundles for America, Inc.

Mrs. William Bruce Pratt chairman, the committee in charge of the benefit, and Mrs. Louis Curtis, Jr., of Chestnut Hill, is vice-chairman.

Also working for the success of the affair are Mrs. George Saltonstall West, Mrs. Samuel D. Warren, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Mrs. George S. Mumford, Jr., Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church, Jr., Mrs. Daniel A. deMenocal, Mrs. John A. Tuckerman, Mrs. Francis P. Sears, Mrs. T. Jefferson Colledge, Mrs. Gelston T. King, Mrs. Wallace Lincoln Pierce, 2d, Mrs. Weston Adams, Mrs. Pierpont L. Stackpole, Mrs. Thomas C. Thacher, Mrs. Raymond Lapham, Mrs. Robert G. Paine, Mrs. Arthur L. Devens, Mrs. Robert Theobald, Mrs. Richard D. Sears, Jr. and Mrs. Francis B. Lothrop.

Madelon Clotur Bride-Elect

MR. AND MRS. HERBERT CLATUR of Winthrop announce the engagement of their daughter, Madelon Lois, Yeo. 3 c, USCG (WR), to Harold Winslow Belcher, machinist's mate 1/c, USN.

The bride-elect is stationed over in New York, where she is on recruiting duty with the SPARS. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold P. Belcher of Winthrop.

"I Must Have
Another Jab Shirt"
6.90

Yes, we know how well liked this rayon shirt classic is and again we have a plentiful assortment of colors: maize, blue, pink plus white in one size or another... 6.90

Sizes 32 to 40
3 letter monogram \$5 extra
hand embroidered.
BLOUSES—FIRST FLOOR

Jays Joseph Place
Boston



Able To Sit Up



Hospital johnnys of rayon crepe can well be counted among your blessings. Shorter than a gown, they have an open back to minimize nursing care. Flowered white, pink or blue with embroidery scallops... 5.90

Small, Medium, Large

Jays Joseph Place
Boston

Club Clippings

By MADAME CHAIRMAN

MORE THAN 400 JUNIOR MEMBERS, REPRESENTING 55 CLUBS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, WERE ON HAND TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL CONVENTION HELD IN SWAMPSCOTT.

Presiding at the session was Marjorie A. Burns of Rosindale, of the West Roxbury Junior Woman's Club. Elected as junior vice-president was Joan Rigby of the Quincy Junior Woman's Club, and Mrs. Harold A. Cook of Milton as senior sponsor chairman.

Among the clubs receiving special mention were Malden Junior Old and New Club, Beverly Merrill, president; Arlington Junior Woman's Club, Marion Douglass, president; Quincy Junior Woman's Club, Arlene Carter, president, and Gloucester Junior Woman's Club, Mrs. Jack Hull, president.

The Medfield Club, Madelyn Grant, president; Lothrop Junior Club of Beverly, Rita Greenough, president, and Lynn Junior Club, Mrs. Leo V. Walsh, president, were among the organizations welcomed into the junior division.

ONE OF THE MOST exciting conventions in many years was held by the State Federation as it met for its annual session at the New Ocean House in Swampscott.

Elected as president for the coming season was the popular clubwoman, Mrs. Edwin Troland of Malden, who will have on her board Mrs. Harvey E. Greenwood, Clinton, first vice-president; Mrs. A. Chesley York, Medford, editor of Federation Topics, second vice-president; Mrs. Lewis C. Stevens, Worcester, third vice-president; Mrs. Ralph G. Swain, Brockton, fourth vice-president; Mrs. Charles C. Kolster, Somerville, recording secretary; Mrs. George W. Wilson, Melrose, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Edward J. Averhill, Amesbury, clerk, and Mrs. Raymond Merrill of Winchester, treasurer.

A citation from the Treasury was presented to Mrs. Edgar Treginning of Attleboro, chairman of the defense committee, for directing the sale of \$8,000,000 worth of bonds and stamps for the federation.

Mrs. Fred C. Brigham of Springfield, legislative chairman, made the motion, unanimously accepted, that the name of Mrs. Herbert F. French of Braintree, retiring president, should be sent to Cordell Hull as a delegate to the peace table.

MRS. AMERICO CHAVES, re-elected president of the Arlington Garden Club, will sponsor a party to be held in the



MRS. HERBERT F. FRENCH of Braintree... retiring president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs... who has been proposed as a candidate to attend the Peace Table.

form of a garden bridge on Wednesday.

Assisting on the committee will be the officers: Mrs. Earl S. Chick, vice president; Mrs. Emmott Wylie, recording secretary; Mrs. David Ferrier, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Webster E. Craig, treasurer.

The chairmen include Mrs. John E. Proudfoot, conservation; Mrs. Charles Wright, hospitality; Mrs. Everett Capello, membership; Mrs. George E. Rogers, flower show, and Mrs. Frederick O. Johnson, horticulture committee.

BOSTON UNIT of the Women's Overseas Service League will attend the Pops concert on Thursday evening, when the songs of World War I and II will be featured.

Mrs. Russell F. Sheldon is serving as general chairman and Helen F. McCaffrey heads the committee working for the success of the evening. The proceeds will enable the league to carry on its services to the women in the war.

Assisting with arrangements are Mrs. Somers Fraser, Marie Darling, Helen Gill, Irene Hawthorn, Ruth Sanderson, Blanche Wallace, Mrs. Miriam Lynch, Ella Feigman, Martha Henshaw and Dorothy Tarbox.

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Legion Auxiliary

THURSDAY MARKS the opening of the annual convention of the American Legion Auxiliary, to be held at the New Ocean House, Swampscott, under the direction of Mrs. Maurice J. Splaine, department president.

The principal speaker will be Mrs. Lawrence H. Smith, of Racine, Wisconsin, national president. "United Efforts for Victory" is the theme of the convention, to be addressed by Governor Saltonstall on Friday afternoon.

Among the speakers will be Mrs. John A. Lakeman, Jr., West Springfield; Agnella E. Boudreau, Mrs. John J. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Walter M. Earley, Reading; May L. Mahoney, Mrs. Carl Ruddock and Mrs. Clarence J. Needham.

Presenting reports will be Mrs. Charles McStravick, Americanism; M. Pearl Lacouture, community service; Mrs. Laura McKinley, junior; Mrs. Grace Noyes, national news; Mrs. Dorothy Flynn, publicity; Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, auxiliaries; Mrs. Nellie McAuliffe, coupons; Mrs. Marietta Conway, national defense; Mrs. Lucille Grew, Pan-Americanism; and Mrs. Catherine O'Connell, radio.

Anna Hirsch to Head Lawyers

AT THE MEETING of the Massachusetts Ass'n of Women Lawyers, Anna Hirsch of Dedham, was elected president.

Other officers include: Mrs. Eleanor Moody, Melrose, and Mrs. Sophie Myers, Roxbury, vice-presidents; Louise M. Kelly, Watertown, treasurer; Helen E. Cummings, Cambridge, corresponding secretary, and Margaret Curley, West Roxbury, secretary.

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Hovey's

Your hair—always your crowning, shining glory!

Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme Shampoo

\$1

Plus Tax

Is the guardian angel to keep it that way.

Enough for 30 Shampoos

It lathers so beautifully with water, it contains lanolin to assure you of lasting clean softness for both scalp and hair. Use Lustre-Creme Shampoo the next time you wash your hair... you'll love it!



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Hovey's, 33 Summer St., Boston 7, Mass.
Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme Shampoo, \$1 Plus Tax

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Toilet Goods—Street Floor
Phone Han. 9600 or ELI. 3100

Be Beautiful AS THE STARS!

Normandie Theatre—Now Playing
June Duprez in "Four Feathers"

NASAL CORRECTIONS

Humped, long, crooked, fractured and all other nasal disturbances corrected permanently in about 10 minutes through the inside of the nose without scars. No paraffin or wax used.

NEW ROTATION FACE LIFT—Many years can be erased from your appearance in less than an hour by Dr. Bernstein's new method.

EYE REJUVENATION—Crow's feet, superfluous wrinkles around the eyes removed quickly through a non-surgical method.

Thick, protruding and unshapely lips corrected permanently.

OUTSTANDING EARS corrected through a new technique to match your other features.

MASDIQUE—A liquid treatment for removal of a blemished poor complexion.

ACNE TREATMENT—New treatment with fine results.

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Dr. Harry B. Bernstein
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9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Daily and by Appointment

Men as well as women are treated by Dr. Bernstein, who is the benefactor of Mrs. Tom Mix, Ray Tels, Duke Hyatt.

Club's 5th Birthday

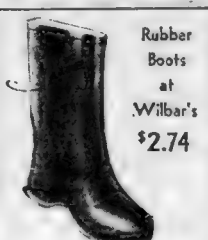
A BANQUET and installation ceremonies will mark the fifth birthday of the Soroptimist Club of Boston on Tuesday evening at the Women's Republican Club.

Mrs. Katherine M. Steele of Worcester, director of the New England Region of the American Federation of Soroptimist Clubs, will conduct the installation at a four-hour ceremony. Among those to take office are Phyllis Mills of West Roxbury, president; Mrs. Wilcox, Alton, vice-president; Mrs. Mary Cunneen, Milton, corresponding secretary; (Chloe) Swenson, Belmont, recording secretary; Mrs. Youngs, Framingham, Michael F. O'Brien, and the new directors, Marie Alkon, Mary Harrington and Mrs. Caroline Walters, all of Boston.

Joe Lannan, del Pandia, of Lynn, will speak on "Pan-American Relations." Guest of honor, other service clubs of Boston and from Soroptimist Clubs throughout the New England region will attend.

Strawberry Party in Arlington

MRS. A. WARREN RUTHERFORD was in charge of the strawberry festival conducted under the auspices of the Arlington Allied War Relief Committee.



Rubber Boots at Wilbur's \$2.74

Seems kind of funny to be advertising rubber boots in June doesn't it... but we just got some in... why wouldn't it be a good idea to get a pair now and have on when you need 'em... you won't be sorry... 4 1/2 B is a only 50 cents necessary. \$2.74. Wilbur's at 166 Tremont St. Phone and mail orders filled.

Now LESS THAN 1/2 PRICE

Our Popular COLD WAVIE PERMANENT

Regular Price \$10.00 and up

Now \$4.95

Cold Wave Shampoo and Setting!

It's the same wave and cold wave materials for which you have always before paid \$10.00 and more! Our tremendous buying capacity enables us to buy these valuable materials at a very special price... We are happy to pass the unusual saving along to you. Even "impossible hair" yields to this remarkable permanent cold wave solution in the hands of our dexterous, skilled technicians.

No uncomfortable machines... no heat... no heavy clamps... no harmful chemicals... *priceless convenience!*

Nan Pailey Salons

BACK THE INVASION! BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

453 WASHINGTON ST., 5th FLOOR, DEXTER BLDG., Phone DE. 7071
Other Nan Pailey Salons in: Cambridge, Lynn, Worcester, Brockton, Framingham, New Bedford.

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Home on furlough is Mrs. WAC Pic. Phyllis Kingston, daughter of Harold W. Kingston, 11 Highland st., Salem. Stationed at the Carlsbad (New Mexico) Army Base, she is a clerk in the submetal department.



MRS. FLOYD C. VAN ETEN, the former T. Louise Fraioli, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Fraioli of 159 Beaver st., Hyde Park, who became the bride of Sergt. Floyd C. Van Etten in Brunswick, Ga., on June 3.

Notre Dame Girls Give Reception

HELEN McGOVERN of Brighton served as chairman of the annual luncheon of the Alumnae Association of the Boston Academy of Notre Dame, held yesterday afternoon at the academy on Granby st.

Presiding at the meeting was Julia C. McAndrew and assisting on the committee were Mary A. Mahan, Audrey Swendeman, Mrs. Anthony S. J. Tomaseo and M. Agatha Isenauer. A reception to the '41 was held with Virginia Brogan, class president, in charge.

Nurses' Alumnae Sponsor Luncheon

AN ANNUAL LUNCHEON of the Boston City Hospital Nurses Alumnae will be held on Tuesday at the Hotel Vendome at 1:30, with Mrs. John Miller, chairman.

The business meeting will be conducted by Alice L. Gains to be followed by an election of officers. Dr. Russell Sullivan will show notes of the Boston City Hospital unit.

Ladies Unity Club To Attend Social

ON TUESDAY the Ladies Unity Club will hold a back yard party, with a box lunch being served at 12:30, under the direction of Mrs. J. Porter Smith, hostess.

A regular club meeting will take place on Tuesday, June 20, with Mrs. Mary Berry, as chairman.

Harriet Audrey Ward, USMC (WR), is to be a June bride. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester L. Ward of Medford and is betrothed to Sergt. Daniel F. Wetlin, Jr., USMC, son of Daniel F. Wetlin of Haddonfield, N. J.

Pfc. Marie V. Keohane, daughter of Mrs. Mary V. Keohane of 324 Center st., Jamaica Plain, is a member of the WACs attached to the Air Service Command Station somewhere in England.

Assigned to the WAC detachment, 200th AAF Base Unit at Colorado Springs, Col., is Pfc. Mary E. Giffin, niece of Mrs. K. Giffin of 7 Cloney pk., Roxbury.

Sergeant 2/c Mary Eleanor Hunt, of the WAVES, daughter of Thomas E. Hunt, 86 Centre st., Dorchester, has received orders to report to Cedar Falls, Ia., where she will undergo further instructions at the Naval



ENSIGN ALICE M. GAFFNEY, U. S. N. R., 13A Wheelwright rd., West Medford, has been assigned to active duty with the WAVES. A graduate of B. U., she was formerly a member of the staff of Medford school system.

Training School at Iowa State Teachers College. She has two brothers, Thomas and John, in the Navy and a sister in the WAVES. Another brother, Bernard, also in the Navy, was killed in action.

Pfc. Mary A. Carney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel L. Carney of 750 Metropolitan ave., Hyde Park, is a member of the Marine Corps (WR) and has been assigned to the paymaster's office, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Cal. She is a graduate of Hyde Park High.

Air-WAC Corp. Ursula M. Fusco, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fusco of 26 Lambert st., Medford, has been transferred to Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.



MRS. SAMUEL TOMASEO... active club matron... who this season retires as president of the Women's Italian Club of Boston... after completing a most successful year.

Musical to Be Presented Tuesday

AN EVENING OF SONG is being planned by Marie A. Bergeron, president of the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs, on Tuesday evening at Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington ave., Boston.

Taking part in the musicals are Virginia Austin, first vice-president of the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs; Helen M. Kelly, recording secretary; Martha W. Warshaw, corresponding secretary; Estelle Friedland, state and district winner '43, and Pauline E. Middleton, winner of the artists' contest.

Others include Florence Crockett, Mildred Dillon, Frances Corbett, Rosemary O'Neill, Virginia Shannon, Mrs. Anne Demerjian and the choral ensemble.

Amos Auxiliary Garden Party

MRS. MIRIAM SCHNEIDER of 167 Babcock st., Brookline, will play hostess at an annual garden party of Amos Auxiliary, 89nd Bn., to be held at her home on Wednesday afternoon, under the direction of Mrs. Myer J. Wolf, chairman.

Heading the hostesses will be Ruth Kallur, assisted by Mrs. Anna Gurwitz, Mrs. Mary Selzer, Mrs. Rose Feldman, Mrs. Lee Kaplan, Mrs. Ethel Kaufman, Mrs. Betty Landman, Mrs. Lena Jacobson, Mrs. Edith Lipner, Mrs. Marion Fox and Ruth Yarensberg.

Also Mrs. Judy Levenson, Mrs. Mollie Cohen, Mrs. L. Michaelson and Mrs. Clara Cohen.

Pops Concert to Aid Missions

PLANNING TO ATTEND the Pops on Wednesday evening in aid of Jesuit Missions are Mr. and Mrs. John Healy, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John W. Walsh, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Kiekham, Mr. and Mrs. James Dooley, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Flynn, Judge and Mrs. John Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hall and Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanton.

Also Mr. and Mrs. Joseph White, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richard, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rowen, Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Muligan, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Brien, Marion O'Brien and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Spillane.



ESCAPE Gray Hair

Simply wet it with Canote Water. A few applications will, completely recolor it similar to its former natural shade. In one day if you wish. Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and becoming new color, even after shampooing, fading or waving.

Canote Water

• Pure, colorless and non-toxic. • Proved harmless to one of America's Greatest Universities. • REALLY GIVES hair rest and relief. • 50 years without injury to a single user. • No other product can make all these claims. • New & Appl. Pat. \$1.15 a drugstore.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

GRANNY always knew best. She knew best when it came to preserving the loveliness of her peaches and cream complexion by 'dousing her face in oodles of buttermilk for the dove-like softness of her skin and the beauty of her face.

Of course, in her days cosmetic science was practically in its infancy. But the principle of buttermilk and the known goodness of its properties for complexion loveliness are traditional. Granny made no bones about using buttermilk to invoke countless compliments on her complexion.

But today, with scientific advance in cosmetics as well as in "better things for better living," the facially intrinsic value of buttermilk has been captured in a 100 per cent buttermilk cream, a brand-new cosmetic on the beauty horizon.

Result of eight years of research, this new beauty aid was developed, not by a beauty-chemist, but by the chief chemist of one of the largest New England milk companies.

Patience has its reward and in this cream this chemist has supplied women with sensitive and dry skin problems the answer complete. It is a rich, creamy cream that virtually looks like buttermilk, and so good you would almost want to eat it.

It speaks of sweet morning hay, of the countryside, of true, natural, wholesome beauties with peaches-and-cream complexions, of femininity at its loveliest. And its properties can easily be transmitted to your complexion to give it life and radiance and beauty.

The secret of its marvelous success is in its milky white oils that spread so easily to soften and give moisture to dry, flaky complexions.

For the name of this fine-tinted, non-greasy cream, phone the Beauty Dept., LIB-erly 4800, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Final Luncheon Of British Relief

AT THE FINAL LUNCHEON of the British War Relief Society, Lt. Commander Nicholas Mansarati, RNVR and Squadron Leader W. Roxburgh, will be among the speakers.

Planning to attend are Mrs. H. W. Dwight Rudd, Mrs. Harold Holland, Mildred Howland, Mrs. Victor Kazanjian, Mrs. Robert Brambridge, Mrs. William Bayne, Mrs. D. Samuel Chamberlain and Mrs. Charles Cottin.

Also Mrs. Livingston Davis, Mrs. Harris Fahnestock, Mrs. John Kennedy, Mrs. Derek Lee, Mrs. Richard Paine, Catherine Pentecost, Mrs. Edward Taft, Mrs. Richard Wood, and Mrs. Robert Mortimore.

The ushers will include Mrs. John Dane, Mrs. William McDermott, Molly Rudd, Frederica Sargent, and Carroll Bayne.

Reading Circle Elects Officers

ANNA M. MURRAY of Cambridge was elected president of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle.

Members of the board will include Mae Marlowe, Brighton, 1st vice-president; Lillian Guinan, Brookline, 2nd vice-president; Grace Kelly, Dorchester, corresponding secretary; Edith Lally, West Roxbury, treasurer, and Agnes Noonan, Roslindale, recording secretary.



BARBARA BELL WRIGHT is one of the attractive girls in the comedy hit, "3 Is a Family," which continues at the Colonial.



ROSEMARY RICE and John Conway take time out for a soda in "Love on Leave," now at the Wilbur.



GARY COOPER and Signe Hasso in "The Story of Dr. Wassell," which will have a War Bond preview at the Met on Monday, June 19.

At the Pops

The programs are announced by Arthur Fiedler for the coming week in Symphony Hall. Tonight will be the last Sunday concert of the season, the all-popular program designed to benefit the Orchestra's Pension Fund. Jesus Maria Sanroma will be the soloist tonight and again on Saturday, his only appearances at the Pops this season.

Arthur Fiedler has invited Roland Tapley to conduct the program of Thursday, and he will himself conduct the other concerts of the week. Soloists will include Bernhard Weiser on Tuesday and Leo Litvin on Wednesday. Thursday will be the annual Tufts Night.

Tonight's program is as follows:
 "Trump and Circumstance," March Elgar
 Overture to "Kismet" Beethoven
 Largo from "Kismet" Handel
 "Pavane" Symphony, Third Movement Tchaikovsky
 Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor Rachmaninoff
 Soloist: Jesus Maria Sanroma
 "Cakaboma," Selection Holberg
 Suite for String Quartet Rossini
 Arranged by Bogge

On Uptown Program

"Up in Arms" the Technicolor musical, starring Danny Kaye, is the top feature on the double feature program at the Uptown. The companion attraction is Alfred Hitchcock's drama, "Lifeboat" starring Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix.



MADGE EVANS of screen and stage fame is guest star in "Another Love Story," at the Cambridge Theater tomorrow night.

SYMPHONY HALL—COM. 1492
 TONIGHT 8:30
POPS
 ARTHUR FIEDLER—Conductor

CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE
 Brattle Hall, 780, 1495
 One Week Only—Reg. 10c W. Eve. 25c
MADGE EVANS
 In Frederic Lonnaday's comedy hit
"ANOTHER LOVE STORY"
 Prices: 8c, at 10c—50c to \$1.00—plus
 Nat. Pat. at 25c—50c to \$1.00—plus

Miss Lansbury Promising Young Hollywood Newcomer

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
 Motion Picture Editor International News Service HOLLYWOOD.

IN MANY a day I haven't seen a young actress who impressed me as much as Angela Lansbury in "Gaslight." Although barely 18, she stood her ground with such experienced actors as Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer. She gave a performance worthy of a trouper twice her age.

I had heard she was a refugee English child and so asked to meet her. I thought her story should have reader interest; besides, I wanted to meet her; she had written me thanking me for my complimentary mention. On the dot, Angela was at my house at 5:15, a tall English girl with skin like alabaster and dark eyes offset by a frame of blonde hair.

"You are taller than I expected," I said when she came in. "Five feet seven," she laughed. "I used to hope to be the tallest girl in my class, and now I don't understand why I ever wanted to be tall—I would much rather be small."

"You must be very excited," I said, "over the wonderful notices and over your chance with M-G-M."

"Naturally, I am happy," she said, "but I didn't go into the picture without preparation. People can not truthfully say, 'How did that girl get such a chance without acting experience?'"

I must have looked puzzled for she explained: "You see, my mother is an actress, and a very good one. Her name is Moya



Louella Parsons

Magill. My sister is an actress in London, and I graduated from two dramatic schools."

I WONDERED how such a thing could be possible when, as a child of 14, she arrived in this country with a boatload of other English children. "I hated mathematics," she told me, "and so I went to the Western Douglas Dramatic School in London and received a diploma. Then, I spent two years at Peagan's Dramatic School and graduated, so you see I didn't come to the screen without training."

Angela says when the M-G-M talent scout found her she was signed for "Dorian Grey," which she is also doing, but George Cukor needed a Cockney maid in "Gaslight."

"Can you speak Cockney?" he asked.

"I told him imitating the Cockney accent is my favorite pastime, so he gave me a test," Angela said. "I was fortunate to have him for a director and to play with Miss Bergman and Mr. Boyer, both of whom were extremely kind."

I had heard that Angela is not yet 18 and I expected she

Continued on Page 13

KEITH MEMORIAL SHOW BUSINESS
 Sells Cantors' and DAVIS
 George Murphy, Nancy Kelly
 "YELLOW CANARY" Richard Greene
RKO BOSTON
 ON STAGE
DIAMOND HORSESHOE REVUE
 SCREEN BERLINA
 MISTERY
 THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

SCIENTIFICALLY AIR-COOLED
LOEW'S
 STATE & UNION
 The Strange Drama of
 A Captive Sweetheart!
CHARLES BOYER
INGRID BERGMAN
JOSEPH COTTEN
"Gaslight"
 Extra Prizes to Audience!
"EVE OF BATTLE"
 Fate Smith a "GROOVIE" MOVIE
 M-G-M Cartoon "SERPENTWAIL" "ROCKWELL"

Madge Evans at Cambridge

Madge Evans, star of stage and screen, in Frederic Lonnaday's "Another Love Story" will be the next and second attraction at the Cambridge Summer Theater, beginning tomorrow evening at Brattle Hall.

Miss Evans, who appeared most recently in Boston last fall in the Playwright's company's "The Patriots," written by her husband, Sidney Kingsley, is no newcomer to the theater, having started her career modelling for photographers at the age of 2 and entering the films at 5. "Daisy Mayme," "The Marquise," "Our Betters" and "Sudden Riches" were among her outstanding plays as a child star.

"Another Love Story" will be directed by Robert E. Perry, who will also portray a very interesting characterization, Louise Valery, who returns to the Cambridge Summer Theatre for her fifth season in leading roles, Richard Hart, Lee Nugent, Allan Tower, and William Jeffrey of the resident company will support Miss Evans in addition to several new comers to Brattle Hall—Eliot Duvoy of Boston's Tributary Theatre, Shurland Quin and Edmon Ryan.

"Eve of Battle"

"Eve of Battle," a thrill-studded two reel short subject, presented jointly by Great Britain and the United States Army, is an added attraction on the screen of the Metropolitan, Paramount, Fenway, Washington St. Olympia, Scollay and Modern theaters.

The exciting film shows complete preparations for D-Day and the actual beginning of the invasion itself, with use of new rocket guns and 104 millimeter guns on landing barges never before shown the public.

Variety Club Show

The Variety Club of New England, Tent No. 23, will present "Night of Stars" at the Shubert Theater this evening. The curtain rises at 8:30. The entertainment committee, headed by Ralph Snider, promises one of the best variety shows ever assembled in Boston.

In addition to local talent, many stars of radio, stage and screen from New York and other cities will trek to Boston.

The Cool **6th UPROARIOUS WEEK!**
COLONIAL
 JOHN GOLDEN'S Laugh-Spree!
3 IS A FAMILY
 By Phoebe and Henry Ephron
SUMMER PRICES!
NIGHTS—BARGAIN BALCONY, \$1, \$1.50
NIGHTS—2nd Balcony 75c; Orchestra \$2—All Plus Tax
MATINEES WED. and SAT. 75c, \$1, \$1.50—

WILBUR LAST WEEK MATS. WED. SAT.
 CHARLES STEWART & MARTIN GOODMAN present
LOVE ON LEAVE
 A COMEDY
 By A. B. SHIFFRIN
 Staged by Eugene S. Bryden • Settings by Paul Morrison
 Evrs. 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Tax Wed. & Sat. Mats 2.40 to 1.20 Inc.)
TWO GOES ON A 3-DAY FLING

6th MIGHTY WEEK
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
 20
MAJESTIC
 SHUBERT
 CONTINUOUS DOORS OPEN 9:30 A. M.
 SUBWAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW, BOSTON, SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1944—Page 21

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

We do have a hint and a promise that once the heat wave really gets under way, Mrs. West will keep the thermometer at the boiling point in "Katherine Was Great."

THE REPUTATION of the farce comedy, "3 Is a Family," is something that even the Nazis in bomb-riddled Berlin have had to take into consideration.

This page contained a reproduction of a scene from "3 Is a Family" that had been lifted from a copy of our Life magazine, which the Nazis apparently saw just as we check their papers. In addition to the photo of the Golden production, three other pictures appeared on the page from the Berlin magazine which were concerned with America in wartime, and the headlines over the page read: "More instances of degradation in America."

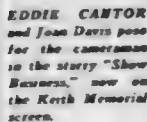
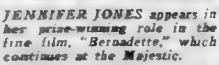
According to one caption, "Is a Family" is an instance of American degradation because it has dared to be a comedy on the subject of the birth-rate. "Again and again," reads the caption, "this typical Broadway hit tickles the sensibilities of the speculators and jokes on the subject of the rising birthrate. At one time, a busy, overworked doctor is asked by the father whether it is a boy or a girl, and he says, 'I didn't notice,' and the laughter rolls to a climax."

AS FOR "LOVE ON LEAVE," it remains highly controversial as to whether or not the A. B. Stirling show is funny or just a bid for a share of this season's lax-culture bonanzas.

That Boston audiences have laughed and at times unreservedly at the plight of two gobs on a three-day leave, indicates that author Rosemary Rice, had a glimmer of an idea there. But up until now, at least, it has been so awkwardly developed, and so badly projected, that the result is not only questionable, but to put it mildly, in poor taste.

Addressing the problem of juvenile delinquency, which makes headlines and breaks hearts these days, there's nothing far-fetched about 11-year-olds who stray from the job. And while Michael Mitchell and charming Mary Sargent do what they can to make nice parents credible, John Conway and Bert Frenn as the bad lads, and other pleasant players, add what they can to the meat script, it's going to take a lot of doing for "Love or Leave" to immerse.

GAVETY *Man*
"THREE
COCKEYED
SAIORS"
Adventures
of a
Rookie

[illegible]

UPTOWN West. 8 West. Ave.
Very popular
—
DON'T HAVE TO GO
"UP IN ARMS"
— In. Book stores —
TALLULAH BARNHART-WILLIAM BENDIX
"LIFEBOAT"

BRUTAL but true
The shocking true story
ARE THESE OUR

Parents
ALEX VINSON LYLE TALBOT
Also John Cassavetes in "Waterfront"
TRANSLUX

TELEPIX NEWS REELS
CAMERAMEN AT WAR

[illegible]

TELEPHONE BOX

Bowdoin
CONF. 9-11 AM CAP 1046
DANNY KATE
DINAH SHORE
★ **SINGLES** ★
★ **COLUMBIAN** ★
UP IN ARMS
WLSA LANCASTER-GORDON COLONY
IN PREPARATION TO DESTROY



XETER

EXETER AND NEWPORT STREETS
FALLHAM BANKHEAD
WILLIAM BERRY WALTER BLISS
"LIFEBOAT"
1630 LARCHWOOD
"PASSPORT TO DESTINY"
Dist.: "ADDRESS UNKNOWN"

TREMONT NEWSREEL
BETTE DAVIS
THANK YOUR
LUCKY STARS
EWE OF BATTLE
D-DAY

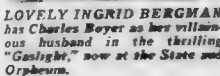
James Stewart
Carole Lombard
NOTHING SACRED

BEACON CONT. 6 AM
ORSON WELLES-JEAN FONTAINE
"JANE EYRE"
ALLAN JONES "SING A JINGL

The spectacular run of "The Song of Bernadette" now in its sixth week at the Majestic shows no apparent lack of interest in the now-famous adaptation of Franz Werfel's best-selling novel.

Of particular interest is Jennifer Jones, who, skyrocketed to stardom and an Academy Award on the strength of this one performance, is the very personification of the little peasant girl of Lourdes. Charles Backford, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, Anne Revere and Lee J. Cobb are featured in the magnificent cast.

"From the Four Corners," a two-reel subject now playing at the Old South Newsreel, is a story of the ways of the empire war. Leslie Howard, posing as a passerby, brings three soldiers, a Canadian, a New Zealander, and an Australian, to the top of a building in London, and, pointing out the sights of the city to them, he ties in their countries, and tries to explain the reasons for the Empire fighting the war. It is as much a lesson in the rights of man for America as it is for



England. Other subjects include Pete Smith, Winged Targets, Shoe Shine Boy, cartoons and all the latest war front news.

M-P Theatres MOVIE GUIDE

SCOOP! New at Metropolitan, Paramount, Fowsey,
Wash. St. Olympia, Scollay and Modern
"EVE OF BATTLE"
First thrill-studded scenes of preparations for
D-day and the start of the invasion!

Star Configuration

NOW

EXTRA "EYE OF THE BEAST"

See us on
Propaganda

METROPOLITAN

ANN SHERIDAN • DENNIS MORGAN
JACK CARSON • IRENE HANNA

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

PLUS 2nd FRT "CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA"

GALA WAR BOND PREMIERE
Metropolitan Theatre, Mon. Nite, June 19
Cecil B. **"THE STORY OF GARY**
BE MILLS' DR. WASSELL" Cooper
Admission by War Bond Purchase Only

PARAMOUNT AND FENWAY **ERROL FLYNN + PAUL HENREID**
"UNCERTAIN GLORY"
 also "Good-Night Sweetheart," Bob Livingston-Ruth Terry

OLYMPIA SCOLLAY **MODERNE**
"THE WITLER GANG" **George Raft + "BROADWAY BENTLEY"**
 also Rutile "Lover Let's Dance" also William Boyd, "Mystery Man"

CLEVELAND CIRCLE		HYDE PARK	
CIRCLE LPH 4040	Cont. 1.30-1.33	FAIRMOUNT E. Scott-Krump McDonald	
10A 64IN OUR TIME PAUL		HYD. 1.34	"64 64 64" PAUL
LUPING	MEMPHIS	Cont. 1.30	Betty Rader-"You Can't Tame These Cats"
Betty Jane Rhodes "YOU CAN'T TAME LOVE"		HYDE PARK Cont. 1:30	Teddy Green

ALL-STAR JAMAICA PLAIN:

Cont. 1-11 Capitol-Jamaica Mr. Murphy-Gentry Stereo WAY RHYTHM JA COME	Cont. 2-11 ORIENTAL Mr. Murphy-Gentry Stereo BOOGYWAY BOOGYWAY RHYTHM JA COME
--	---

C. Harris-Race Net	"EATING!" "TORNADO"	ROSTON DOWNS
Capital City: Paramount Television News		REGENT (Latter: Rogers-Ring, Hildner) "EAT IN THE DARK" Also: "EATON 62W"
ALLSTON William Holden-Susan Hayward Cast 2 to 11 "YOUNG AND WILD"		WOLLEDALE ENTREQ: Deputies and Eve of Shadow

STA. 4410.	Don't Miss "SPIDER WOMAN"	"G.E. 41" IMP"
CAMBRIDGE	RIALTO	"YOU CAN'T RATION LOVE"
CENTRAL SQ. B. Murphy-Gleason Films	ROXBURY	
"BROADWAY RHYTHM" in color	Invitation Special: "EYES ON BATTLE"	
7m. "360"	TUESDAY AND SATURDAY ROXBURY	
Willam Lloyd: "MYSTERY MAN"	WEDNESDAY RHYTHM	

OLYMPIA CNE. 1261 Rep. by: "WING PRYER"	CLYDEA 1da Legion-Paul Rourke "P. 0418 73055"	RIVOLI "MERRY ALDRICH PLAYS EUPHON" HIG. 0041 Cont. 1-11
DORCHESTER	DUDLEY Paul Loran "ADDRESS UNKNOWN" "RACKET MAN"	SHAWNEET CAR. 1370 Cont. 1-15

COLUMBIA 11:40AM Cont. From 1:45
Anne Baxter-Thomas Mitchell "THE SULLIVANS"
Jimmy Lydon-"MERRY ALDRICH PLAYS CUPID"

FIELDS 1pm
Tai 3:00

IN OUR TIME 1:45
Paul Newman

HUMBOLDT 11:10AM Cont. Today 1:45
Jackie Cooper-Patricia Gurnea-"Where Are You
Children" East Side Kids "Mr. Jolly Chaps Out"

Cont. 1:45	Choir: Morris: "TOPGUNS"	Sturm: 2700	SOBRIEVILLE	Horn: 3433
FRANKLIN PARK Tel. 9900. Cont. 1:30		Capitol-Ball Sq.		
"THE SULLIVANS"-Ann Baxter-Jane. Mitchell Jimmy Lyden. "HEAVY ALDRICH PLAYS CUP"		MARGART O'BRIEN-JAMES CRAIG "LOST ANGEL" RICHARD ARLES-TOMMY QUEEN		

MORTON 1B. LUPINO-PAUL HENNED
5th 6300
Cont 2 00 "RATTING". WALLACE BREED

CENTRAL 2nd. Andrews-Richard Coats
30th. 7610 "THE PURPLE HEART"
"DROPS ARE PRETTY PEOPLE"

STRAND Cont. From 130 P. M. CBL. 2000
"MAY AN SWIFT WING" (Color). C. Woodward, Y. Baranov

STRAND 2ND 0830 STANIS DUBOIS-PAT D'ORVILLE
"MEN MEALMAN'S NANTIK"

WILLIAM BOY "WYBOW BOY" "CHARLIE SNAR IN THE SECRET SERVICE"
 WOLLASTON
 FEB. 14, 1947. A. E. JEWELL, FARMER
 P. O. Box 1000, WOLLASTON, MASS.
 WOLLASTON, MASS. 01978
 LIBRARY TEL. 5000 Ext. 130
 "CRY NAVOC"

Hollywood's New Starlet

Continued From Page 11

would be one of those giddy youngsters. I was unprepared for this self-contained self-assured, poised young lady. Her British training came to the fore and having been with the theatrical people all her life, she talks in the parlance of the theater.

"Do you Miss England?" I asked.

She said she wanted to go home some time and that she gets pangs of homesickness, but now that her family are reunited—her mother and two little brothers—here in Hollywood, it has become home to her.

ANGELA HAS definite ideas on her career. "Wasn't I mad," she laughed. "In 'Gaslight' I don't want to concentrate on playing harpies and mean girls. I want a change. I'm really very nice in 'Dorian Grey.' I play Sylvia. Vane the girl he really loved. I would like to do 'Bessie Watty' in 'The Corn Is Green' but the studio said 'No.' I guess they know what they want me to do."

Angela must necessarily be typed because of her British accent, but she won't have to limit her repertoire to girls as unscrupulous as was the maid in "Gaslight." She's very pretty and apparently with definite ideas of her own.

She spoke of the English stage and the preparations that went into the making of an actress in her native country.

"I think in England we are more loyal to our players than you in America," said Angela. "After an actress makes her success she can stay on the stage until she dies and be loved and welcomed. Here she has a vogue, and in a short time may drop, from the pinnacle of fame into oblivion. That's a thing I wouldn't want to happen because the only thing in the world I want to do is to act."

Promotion for Erbb

William H. Erbb, for many years district manager for Paramount Pictures in Boston, has been appointed eastern division manager with headquarters in New York. Mr. Erbb has left for the home office to take over the supervision of the eastern division.

Exchange territories under Mr. Erbb's jurisdiction will include Boston, New Haven, Albany, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Charlotte and New Orleans.

Fun at Gayety

The Gayety's all-laugh bill today is topped by the slambang comedy, "Adventures of a Rookie," with those clown princes of fun, Wally Brown and Allan Carney taking the leading honors.

Brown is a cake singer, Carney a bellicose truck driver, and just to make everybody happy, the romance department is taken care of by Richard Martin and pretty Margaret Landry. The same program offers "Three Cockeyed Sailors."



RICHARD BYRON and Nigel Neil are the innocents involved in "Are These Our Parents," at the Trans-Lux.

Charlotte Vogue at Howard

They are telling us that there's a positive extravaganza of luxury, wit and beauty at the Old Howard tomorrow, where the luscious Charlotte Vogue takes over the spotlight.

Miss Vogue is not only one of the all time favorites of the big wheel, but her dance routines are delightful. Rita Hayworth, Leona Hayterford and a bevy of beauties are sure to keep the boys and girls happy.

The crown princes of burlesque, Sammy Smith and Steve Mills have charge of the laugh department, which is enough for anybody's do-me.

There's an all-star vaudeville bill, too, with films to round out the program.



Charlotte Vogue

"Uncertain Glory"

Errol Flynn and Paul Lukas co-star in "Uncertain Glory," an exciting story of reckless adventure and dangerous romance, currently playing at the Paramount and Fenway will be held over for another week. "Uncertain Glory" is a suspense-packed thriller with Errol Flynn and Paul Lukas as French criminal and police inspector respectively, who join forces to outwit their common enemy—the Nazis. The cast surrounding the stars features Lucile Watson, Jean Sullivan, Shari Hofferbo, playing in "Good Night Sweetheart."

"Hitler Gang" on 2 Screens

"The Hitler Gang," the first authentic, startling exposure of the secret scandals and vicious private lives of the gang that stole a nation, is now at the Washington Street Olympia and Scollay. An amazing cast of doubles portrays the world's worst gangsters, with Robert Watson as Hitler, Martin Kosleck as Goebbels, Alexander Pope as Goering, and Luis Van Rooten as Himmler.

"Assassin of Youth"

It's that sensational and timely film, "Assassins of Youth," which takes top spot on the new Globe bill today. It's all about the "reefer" racket, one of the deadliest menaces we have in this country today.

The co-feature on the Globe program is "Hay Foot," a running Hal Roach comedy with William Tracy, Joe Sawyer, and Elyse Knox in the leading roles.

'Let Freedom Ring'

"Let Freedom Ring" to be held at Symphony Hall next Sunday at 8 o'clock under the auspices of the United Nations A.M., will have ten of the United Nations Relief Group, many of them in their national costumes, songs which have been forbidden by the Nazis in the invaded territories and songs of their respective countries. The participants are not trained singers—just anyone who can and wants to sing so that the meeting will be a spontaneous outburst of popular feeling. The groups taking part are those of Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, Greece, Holland, Norway, Poland, Russia, United China and Yugoslavia.

Conductor Glickstein of Temple Mishkan Tefila will sing a chant for the dead of all nations. The Russian War Relief group, numbering over 150 voices will sing "Meadowland" a song of the Red Army. The Czechs will sing a song of the Underground, composed during this war, while the Dutch, under the direction of Jacobus Langendoen of the Symphony Orchestra, will present the Dutch National Anthem. Tickets are on sale at the United Nations Relief Headquarters, 1 Court st., at the United Nations Association and at Symphony Hall.

Valley Players to Open

The Valley Players will open their third season of summer stock at the Mountain Park Casino in Holyoke, Mass., on Tuesday, June 22, with the production of "Claudia." A ten-week season is planned, with performances from Tuesday through Sunday evenings and a weekly matinee. The first five plays are announced as "Claudia," "Personal Appearance," "Blind Alley," "Hay Fever," and "Charlie's Aunt."

'Our Parents' At Trans-Lux

Parental responsibility for the wave of juvenile delinquency which is now sweeping the United States is squarely faced in "Are These Our Parents," the exciting drama at the Trans-Lux.

Helen Vinson is starred in this forthright indictment of the older generation and featured in supporting roles are Lyle Talbot, Ivan Lissedoff, Noel Neill, Richard Byron and Emma Dunn.

In a dramatic presentation of facts, the picture shows how neglect and lack of example by parents are in large degree the cause of the sins of the youngsters, and is the screen's first production to stress this side of a situation for which they are at least partially to blame. Thus, in the story, which pictures the adventures of a pair of youthful sweethearts, the boy's life is definitely affected by the actions of his father and, to an even greater degree, the girl's by those of her mother. Other players who appear



BING CROSBY appears as the young priest in "Going My Way," which goes to the Paramount and Fenway Tuesday.

prominently in "Are These Our Parents" are Addison Richards, Anthony Warde, Robin Raymond, Jan Wolfe, Jean Carlin.

NEIGHBORHOOD SUNDAY MOVIE DIRECTORY

REGENT (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. John Edward Galt, "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" KENMORE 50, BACK RAY Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" YOUTH STATION (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" INVASION (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" COLLODGE CORNER (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" UNIVERSITY (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" LECHMERE (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" HOLLYWOOD CHAS. 1448 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" DORCHESTER (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" ADAMS (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" SWINGTIME JOHNNY (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" MAGNET (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" UP IN ARMS (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" URBANE (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" GRANADA (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets"	STRAND (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" MYSTIC (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" ORPHEUM (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" AUDITORIUM (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" MAPLEWOOD (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" MEDFORD (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" LANCASTER (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" STRAND QUINCY (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" REVERE BOULEVARD (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" RATIONING (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" SPECIAL EXTRA INVASION (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" SHARE YOUR CAR! (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" HOLLYWOOD CHAS. 1448 (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" DORCHESTER (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" ADAMS (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" SWINGTIME JOHNNY (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" MAGNET (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" UP IN ARMS (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" URBANE (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets" GRANADA (Continued) REEL 7054 Starts at 5 P. M. "The Great Escape" A.M. 1397 "Whispering Secrets"
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FAITHFUL FRIENDS

BY EVE JOLLY

God gives special grace to those who love their little sisters and brothers, the birds and beasts—St. Francis Assisi.

SHARING pet experiences is both entertaining and a source of knowledge. Shut-ins especially know so many instances where simple kindness to our feathered friends has afforded countless hours of happiness.

Watching a nesting pigeon teach fledglings to fly from the ledge of a metropolitan theater is a source of amusement, and great anxiety too, to a friend.

A hospitalized reader noticed that humming birds were attracted to blossoms outside her window. She had some flowers picked, treated with honey, moved to the window sill. And, by easy stages, three feet into her room. To the delight of onlookers the humming birds pass through the window countless times each day on their way to enjoy the honeyed blossoms in the room. Our informant adds, "I found that all that is needed to gain their confidence is patience and quietness." And so it always is, with birds.

ONE'S morale is always treated to a lift, in the spring as wild birds come to sing gaily from the hawthorn and oak trees.

Wild birds are nature's most pleasurable gift to man and many people enjoy these songsters fully. Others like birds, enjoy watching them and appreciate their plumage and song, but give no thought to ways to cultivate their tenacity within watching distance.

Even in small yards attractive bird feeders can be erected to bring more birds into the neighborhood. The feeder need not be large; two feet long, 18 inches wide, with a slanting roof 10 inches above the floor, to keep the food dry, is large enough to accommodate a great number of feathered friends. The feeder sets on a seven-foot pole, which is two feet under ground. A child of the family, or a child in the neighborhood who has a kindly interest in birds might be declared "custodian of the feeder" to see that the food supply is both adequate and varied.

BALTIMORE COUNTY, Maryland, had introduced a bird-feeding project throughout the county. Garden clubs and civic groups have become interested in wayside bird-feeders. Two colleges have placed feeders on their property for the benefit of nature classes and a hospital and convalescent home have erected them to pro-

vide an interest and bring cheer to their patients.

The bird committee of the humane society of Baltimore County "lends" the feeders to various groups; the group is responsible for its upkeep. A "custodian" is appointed, signs an agreement that he, or she, or the group they represent will erect the feeder at a place approved by the bird committee and that they will keep it filled with wild bird seed at least six months of the year. If they find they are unable to do this, they agree to notify the humane society in order that the feeder may be placed elsewhere.

I THINK that any community might well plan to extend some such kindness and hospitality to wild birds. Wild birds, properly treated can be heart-warming friends.

By quiet watching you will learn to know one of your feeder-guests from the other, not only from his appearance, but from his characteristics as well.

There'll be a "greedy one," you'll see a "shy one," there will be travelers who'll come but once.

There are hours of happy quiet just watching the birds at your feeder.

Birds are about the busiest children of Mother Nature. They are constantly seeking food, looking for insects and bits of gravel and hunting hair, ravelings and grass for nest building.

Like all busy people they are preoccupied; no wonder they flutter and are frightened when someone bumps their cage or rushes up to them. Birds are easily disturbed and this is true whether we speak of the canary in your home or the robin in the sweetbush.

A BIRD fancier is rarely a quick moving or flighty person. In gaining their confidence one must move slowly and quietly, avoiding all quick motions that might frighten the bird. It's a great joy to have your caged birds tame so that they may be approached and handled, if necessary.

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essential to caged birds. And in winter and spring a bird can rarely have too much sun. However, birds should be kept out of drafts and from sudden temperature changes.

While sunlight is desirable, it does not mean that the cage should hang in the noon sun unless some means is provided to partially shade it.

Selected seed is the favorite bird diet, but birds enjoy variation, too. A bit of lettuce, apple or boiled potato will be relished occasionally.

Nothing is more distressing to see than a sick bird. And it's much easier, and kinder, to give birds proper care and consideration and keep them healthy than try to cure their ills. Good food, fresh water and a clean cage are kindnesses every bird lover owes to his feathered pet.

Body in the Strawstack

Continued from Page 5

degree of manslaughter; it would be either not guilty or the electric chair.

After nine days, only eight jurors—all men—were in the box. Then there was a lengthy conference in Justice Bergan's chambers, after which the attorneys filed into the courtroom and Special Prosecutor Carey began to speak.

"The question of corroborating the accomplice in this case," he said, as the courtroom hung on every word, "has been a source of considerable concern to the people. Diligent and zealous investigation on the part of the district attorney has resulted in some evidence of corroboration, but after careful consideration, we have come to the conclusion that the testimony we will be able to produce will not meet the standard required by Section 399 of the Code of Criminal Procedure.

"We accordingly, for the reasons mentioned, move to dismiss the indictment herein."

In other words, the State had admitted that it could not obtain a conviction against Mrs. Simons.

There was still a deep silence in the courtroom until Justice Bergan granted the motion which made Mrs. Simons a free woman.

But she did not go back to An-cram (o her husband and son.

Upon leaving the courthouse, Mrs. Simons got into a car with her parents, brother and sister-in-law, and drove to the Weaver home in Conant. She continued to live there in the ensuing days.

PRESENTLY she started an action for absolute divorce, seeking custody of her son, as well as financial support. She

named a prominent An-cram woman as the co-respondent, accusing the woman of committing adultery with Simons "at various times and places." The case is still pending.

Meanwhile, Justice Bergan directed that Decker undergo an examination by psychiatrists. Dr. Wirt C. Cronin and Dr. Milton Groves, associated with the Hudson River State Hospital at Poughkeepsie, were appointed to make the test. They reported that his IQ was 72.

On Friday, April 21, the confessed slayer stood before Justice Bergan for sentencing. The court, having examined the psychiatrist's report, called it a "borderline case," adding that the prisoner's mental capacity was too high to send him to an institution for mental defectives. He pointed out that state prison officials had the right to give the youth mental treatment if they deemed it advisable.

Decker wept as he heard Defense Attorney McNamee make an eloquent plea for leniency, citing his misfortune, his lack of a mother's guidance, and the lack of a home. Justice Bergan listened sympathetically, then gave Decker the minimum sentence under the law for second degree murder—20 years to life.

So it will be a long time before Arthur Decker sees Columbia County again. It will also be a long time before the gossiping dies down.

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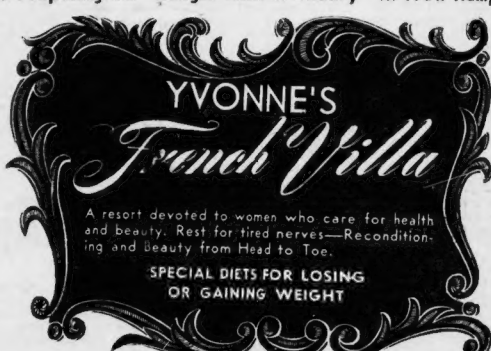
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